

# The Sketch.

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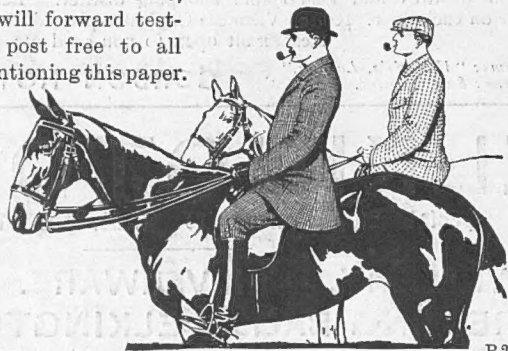
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# The Sketch

No. 1029.—Vol. LXXX.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1912,

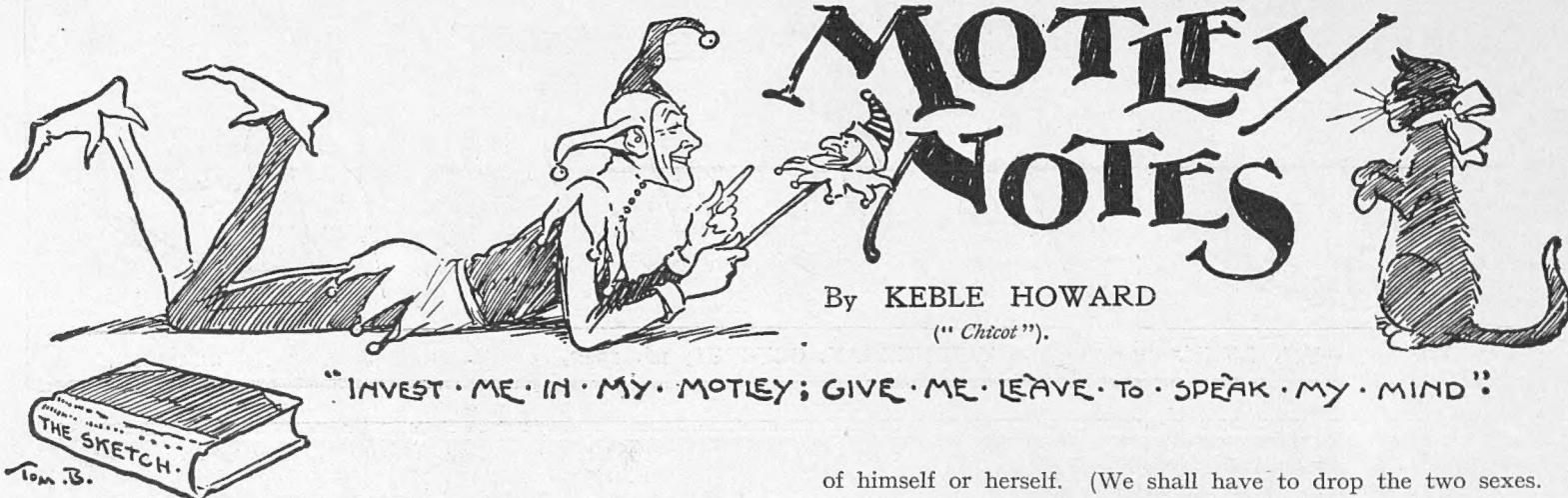
SIXPENCE.



BALD-HEADED MEN, EMIGRATE TO NEW YORK AT ONCE! NO HANKY PANKY ABOUT THE KISSING  
ACTRESS IN "HANKY PANKY," MISS FLORENCE MOORE.

A sensation has been caused among bald-headed men in New York by Miss Florence Moore, a beautiful young actress taking part in "Hanky Panky," at the Broadway Theatre. To quote a heading in the "New York Review": "Broadway receives the shock of the season when a new and bewitching comédienne comes down from the stage [during the second act] and kisses six alleged bald-headed men, just because she feels sorry for them. . . . Bald-headed men now having the time of their lives at the Broadway Theatre." Some of the "kissees," while appreciating the act of osculation in itself, felt that the motives from which it was bestowed constituted a reflection, as it were, upon their shiny pates, and they disliked the unsought publicity of the operation. They held a meeting and passed a resolution: "That we, the undersigned victims of Miss Moore's osculation, hereby demand . . . one night's salary or another kiss from Miss Moore, given under less embarrassing circumstances."

Photograph by Mecca.



### In Praise of Autumn.

Could anything be more beautiful than a fine English autumn—except, perhaps, that rare thing, a fine English spring? I am sitting before a wide-open window. The sky is the palest of pale blue; there is not a cloud to be seen. There is still plenty of foliage on the trees, though the masses of green are relieved by splashes of gold, and the foreground is littered with yellow leaves.

You will hear people speak of autumn as a sad season because it is the immediate forerunner of winter. That is a mean way of slandering winter. Winter is not a sad season; I have never held it true that a sad tale's best for winter. Shakespeare himself did not believe it, for he abandoned the sad note when he was half-way through his play, and all the rest was joyousness, and laughter, and love-making.

No, winter is not a sad season, unless we choose to make it so. Summer is a sad season, if you choose to make it so. Winter is a season of tingling blood out-of-doors and mad riot indoors. It is a season of jolly fires, and bright lights, and friend coming nearer to friend; and her crown is Christmas. Winter is more than half over at Christmas, though the hardest of the weather is still to come. After Christmas we think of spring, and before Christmas we think of Christmas. Between the two thoughts, winter cannot be sad.

Why, then, disparage the beautiful forerunner? The English year would be an inartistic thing without its autumn.

### How to Become a "Star."

I have made a discovery that should be of interest to the young people—more especially the modest young people—of the theatrical world. I will tell you how I made it. I went, by chance, to the Grand Theatre, Croydon, to see a performance of "Milestones." The company, of course, was a touring company, and the programme did not contain any names that, up to the time of writing, could be called household words. No matter, I saw a performance that was right up to the Repertory standard; any playgoer worthy of the name will know what I mean by that. The Repertory standard of acting is the highest possible standard.

After the play, I went "behind" to see and congratulate a young friend of mine. The players had taken off their make-up and were leaving the theatre for home and supper. And it suddenly struck me that they were not taking themselves at their proper valuation. They seemed utterly unconscious of the fact that they had been doing exceptionally fine work. I don't suppose they were, in reality, unconscious of it, but they had schooled themselves to pretend to be.

And I saw in a moment, and I wanted to tell them, that this was a mistake. There should have been something in the bearing of each one to say plainly to the world, "I am a clever person. I may not be famous as yet, but I am just as clever as the people who are famous, and one of these days, I, too, shall be famous. It is bound to happen."

But this very worldly advice needs a little elaboration.

### The Value of "Swank."

To begin with, I do not address those remarks to the young actor or actress who has no desire to "get on." If it would injure their self-respect to "swank," and if they would rather remain comparatively unknown than injure their self-respect—a mental attitude with which, personally, I am wholly in sympathy—all right.

But I am quite sure that the young actor or actress who wishes to climb to the top must carry himself or herself—off the stage rather than on it—as though he or she stood very well in the opinion

of himself or herself. (We shall have to drop the two sexes. It makes such hideously clumsy writing.) In a Repertory company, I know, it is considered very bad form, and very hateful, and very un-"pally" to "put on side." The member of the company who puts on side is bound to be the least popular member. I will tell him, in his ear, that he must be content to be unpopular if he wishes to climb. Managers will take him, not at their valuation, but at his own. The public will take him, not at their valuation, but at his own. And the other members of the company, despite themselves, will take him, not at their valuation, but at his own.

It requires a good deal of courage to say this, but I am saying it, partly, for that very reason. The things that require courage to say are less hackneyed, somehow or other, than the darling, popular old tritenesses that the pen would write for itself if you hung it up by a string from the ceiling.

**What is Success?** The observant reader will have observed that I have not, in the foregoing homily on "getting on," once used the word "success." I had an obvious reason for that omission. "Getting on" and "success" are, surely, two very different things.

A man holding an important position on a big daily newspaper said to me the other day, "What is Success?"

"Doing what you want to do," I replied.

"For example?" he continued.

"Keeping healthy," I said.

"And do you really consider the healthiest man the most successful man?"

"Not necessarily. If a man rates money, for example, higher than health, and he has made a fortune at the expense of his health, then he is a successful man. But if a man feels that he cannot be happy unless he is in perfect health, then every step he takes towards perfect health is a step further on the road to success."

"Ah! Then, really, you think that the happiest man is the most successful man?"

"No, I don't. I think that perfect happiness would be death to any human being. We couldn't stand it. But I believe that the most successful man is the man who is always hot on the heels of perfect happiness."

### How to Know Baby.

The mothers of Pittsburg, I am told, have been in a terrible state of mind, quite naturally, over the supposed mix-up in babies at the local hospitals.

"Immediately after their birth, it was stated, the babies were laid in one large bed, and when a mother asked for her child, she was given the first one that came to hand. So general did this idea become that last week a distracted young father rushed into the Homœopathic Hospital, where his wife and one-day-old baby were, and demanded to see the infant and to have it kept in a room with its mother, who was never to lose sight of it."

The hospitals of Pittsburg may have been unjustly accused; at the same time, there is no doubt that we are very unbusinesslike in this matter. Why should we not all have an official number given to us at birth? Why do we number our motor-cars, and our telephones, and everything but ourselves? And why should not the official number be tattooed, in code, on the baby, in some convenient place, soon after birth? Think of the value of perfect identification! What a boon to the police! What a boon to the whole of mankind (except the lawyers)! I present the idea to the world—before it is filched from me.

## A QUESTION FOR SOLOMON? WOULD YOU SAVE THIS OR A BABY?



## SHOULD IT BE RESCUED FROM FIRE BEFORE A LIVING CHILD? RAPHAEL'S "MADONNA DI SAN SISTO," AT DRESDEN.

Last week, in giving some examples of Post-Impressionist art, we referred to Sir George Birdwood's fiery declaration that he would let a baby perish in the flames before the Dresden Madonna. We now reproduce the picture in question, which is, of course, Raphael's famous "Madonna di San Sisto," usually called the Sistine Madonna, at Dresden. Our readers can therefore make up their minds what they would do in such a dilemma. It was first propounded by Sir Henry Knollys, who, in a letter to the "Times" defending the construction of the Assuan Dam at the peril of the ruins of Philæ, supported the claims of humanity against those of art. "Suppose an art lover in a garret," he wrote, "with a baby and the Dresden Madonna. Suppose a sudden outbreak of fire . . . that he could not rescue both objects. Ought he to save the baby or the picture? Should we spare Philæ or starve millions?" Sir George Birdwood replied that he would try to save both, but the picture first. Doubtless, however, if he really found himself in such a predicament, humanitarian instincts would prevail.—[Photograph of the Picture supplied by Mansell.]

## REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPHS: A PHEASANT FALLING TO THE GUN.

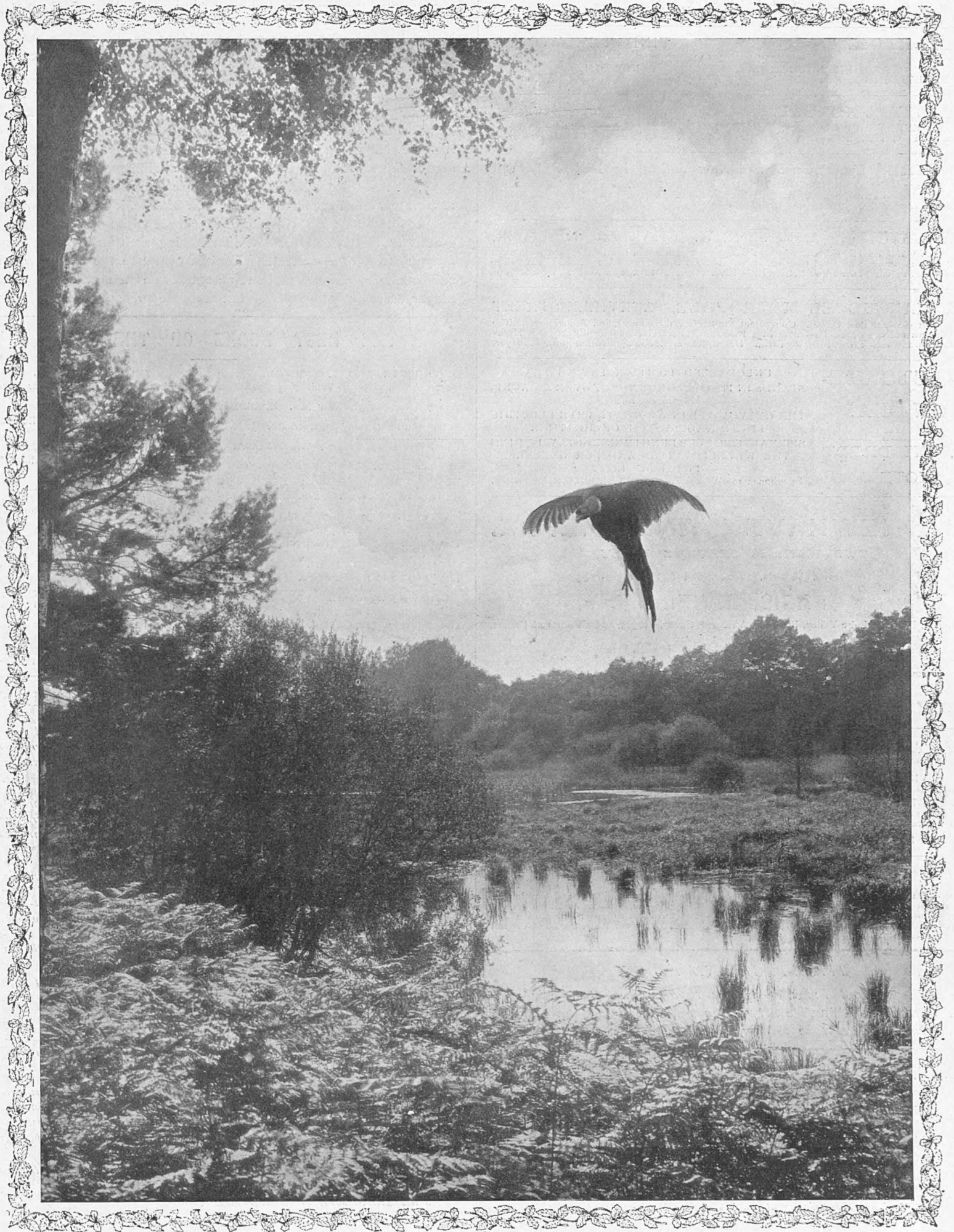


A. RIGHT AND LEFT.

We should like to draw attention to the very remarkable character of the photographs given on this and the opposite page. Obviously, such a subject, taken right in front of the gun, presents great difficulties. We leave it to our readers to imagine how it is done.

*Photograph by H. Thévenin.*

## REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPHS: A WOUNDED PHEASANT.



## A LEG DOWN.

The worst element in sport is the wounding of birds, and an incident such as that shown in our photograph, of a wounded pheasant seeking cover, is one which every sportsman tries to avoid. His object is to kill his bird outright and instantly, and every bird that gets away with a leg down is felt to be a discredit.

*Photograph by H. Thévenin.*

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### SEVEN BEAUTIES AND ONE-MAN.

(Our Supplement.)

**T**HE relative attraction of the sexes in the eyes of readers of  
*The Sketch* may be gauged, perhaps, from the subjects in the  
Supplement given with this issue. The proportion of feminine  
to masculine illustrations is in a ratio of seven to one. This gallery of  
seven beauties, and one—man, leads off with a photograph of Miss  
Madge Lessing, who at present is holding sway over the hearts of  
the Berliners. A charming composite photographic study, occupy-  
ing a double-page, represents, most artistically, the coming to life of  
the statue of Galatea wrought by Pygmalion, the royal sculptor who,  
according to the old Greek legend, fell in love with the work of his  
chisel, whereupon Aphrodite, as a boon to her votary, breathed life  
into the sculptured form. Next comes a beautiful example of the  
art of Maurice Millière, the famous French etcher—a study of a girl's  
head entitled "Marcelle." Again, French womanhood is shown as  
inspiring English art in the photograph of Mlle. Monna Delza, posed  
and costumed as an eighteenth-century engraving. Two photo-  
graphs of Miss Gertie Millar, in reclining attitudes, and a photo-  
graphic study of a gentle shepherdess complete the list of feminine  
subjects. The single male representative is a study of a guitar-  
player, from a photograph by Baron de Meyer.

### THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

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|--|--|
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**TO AUTHORS.**—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

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Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

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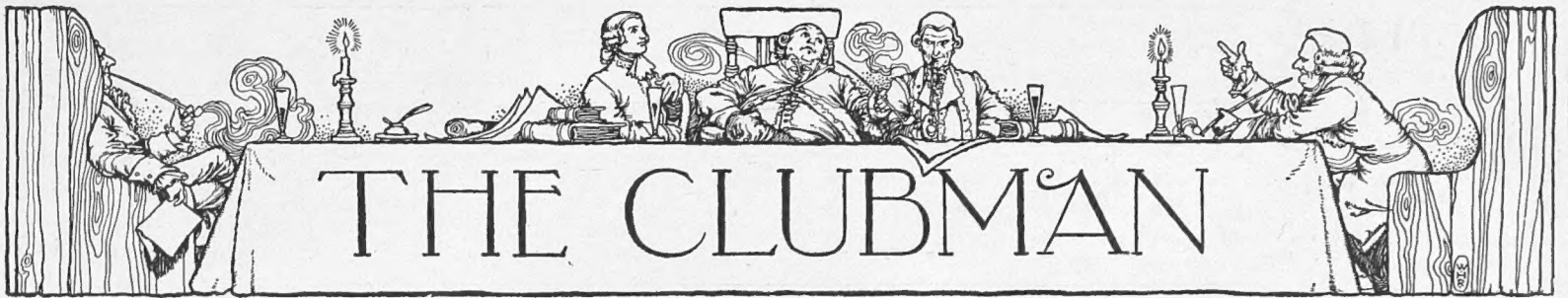
Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "*The Sketch*," nor has it ever done so.

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OXFORD AND ITS ROYAL FRESHMAN; THE PRINCE'S CLUBS; AND THE KING'S ENGLISH.

**The Prince and Tuft-Hunters.**

The accounts of the Prince of Wales's life at Magdalen are really just those of the ordinary life of an undergraduate, with this exception, that the Prince goes to his Equerry for advice on such social questions as which invitations he should accept, and how he should return hospitality offered him by his fellow-undergraduates. Oxford is more democratic now than it was when the Prince's grandfather was a member of "The House," and the young Prince is not labelled by the gold tassel on his cap, as all princes and noblemen were during the early portion of the Victorian era. Tuft-hunters still exist at Oxford and elsewhere, but the tuft which once distinguished their victims has disappeared. The Prince will wear the undergraduate's ordinary cap and gown, and no doubt the one will become as battered and the other as rusty and disreputable as those of any other self-respecting freshman. The Prince will doubtless join one or two of the Oxford clubs, and will thus gain his first experience as a clubman.

**Vincent's.**

Vincent's and Bullingdon are the two social clubs which the Prince is likely to join, and both are very pleasant institutions. Vincent's, in the High Street, marked by those cushions on the window-sills placed there to save undergraduates' elbows from undue friction, was originally founded by University and B.N.C. men, but is now the club which gathers together the men who take a lead in all the colleges in the social life of Oxford. It is the club to which all the Oxford Blues gravitate, and whether the Prince takes up boating or cricketing, or should he turn his attention to the O.U.D.S. and the classic stage, he will find at Vincent's companions of like tastes. Vincent's has a pleasant strangers' dining-room, and I have grateful memories of much hospitality offered me there by some of its members.

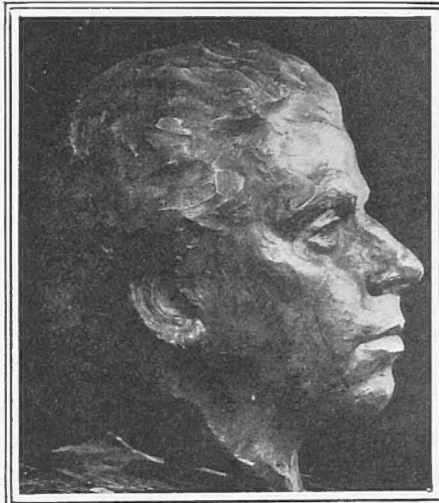
**Bullingdon and the Union.**

Bullingdon consists chiefly of Christchurch men, and to wear the Bullingdon ribbon and coat is to be a person of importance at Oxford. No doubt, the Prince will become a member of this club, of which, I fancy, King Edward was either a member or a patron during his Oxford career. At the Union, the great debating club of Oxford, the Prince will sit on the cross-benches, and will listen to the politicians of the future discussing all the great questions of the day, and will also hear from time to time the statesmen of to-day, of all parties, talking to the men who in time to come are to fill their places. I

am told that the Union to-day votes Liberal on most questions; but whatever the Prince's opinions on politics may be, it is one of the matters on which he is sure to be careful not to express any opinion.

**The O.U.D.S.**

The O.U.D.S., which is a club that sometimes is recruited from the élite of the social world of the University, and at other times rather extends its borders, has very pleasant club-rooms quite close to the new theatre. Many of the undergraduates who have no ambition to play leading parts find it quite amusing to be members of the crowd on the stage, and there are no "supers" in the world who show so much intelligence as do those of the O.U.D.S., and none who so thoroughly enjoy their work. Sometimes the enthusiasm of the "supers" becomes almost excessive, and a fight between contending forces or opposing armies on the Oxford stage has all the "go" and a little of the danger of the real thing.



A MUCH-DISCUSSED "PRODUCER" SCULPTURED: PROFESSOR MAX REINHARDT.

It is announced that before very long Professor Max Reinhardt will produce at the Palace "a series of kaleidoscopic pictures, treated in a manner which will be novel to English people." The bust here reproduced is in bronze and by Herr George Leschnitzer.

Photograph by Hugo Meyer.

**The Schoolboy Princes.**

How careful the King is that his sons should go through exactly the ordinary education of a British gentleman is shown in the schooling of the younger Princes who are now at Broadstairs. The name of the school to which they were to be sent was not known until the young Princes arrived there; and though, of course, the headmaster knew that the Princes were to be put under his care, he did not allow that fact to transpire. The school, being a very popular one, had its lists full long ago for the period during which the Princes will be there, and ambitious fathers of little boys who would like their sons to become the friends of royal personages find that there are no vacancies for scholars in that particular school. The Princes are treated exactly like the other boys, and their pocket-money,

sixpence a week, is just the same amount that is doled out to their schoolfellows.

**The Cockney Accent.**

Professor Skeat, the great authority on the English language, always held that the Cockney dialect will be the dialect our descendants will talk. I should fancy that the great contest of the future in dialects will be between the American method of nasal pronunciation and the shortened vowels and the suppression of aitches of the Cockney method. The aitch before a vowel is not sounded by the French, and if it

is not vulgar in France to speak of a man as "l'omme," so it need not for ever be considered vulgar in England to call a house "an 'ouse." Australia talks Cockney, and on arriving at her greatest seaport any stranger is always asked whether he admires "the By"; while Canada is inclined to talk a little through its nose, for anyone who mixes much with Americans is sure to accept the facilities of American



THE SPRINGBOKS: THE SOUTH AFRICAN RUGBY FOOTBALL TEAM VISITING THIS COUNTRY.

At the back are Messrs. J. T. Meintjes, A. Knight, L. Louw, J. D. Luyt, and G. Morkel; in the next row are Messrs. F. Luyt, S. H. Ledger, T. van Vuyren, E. Shum, E. McHardy, J. Francis, J. Braine, W. Mills, R. Luyt, and E. Delaney; in the next are Messrs. W. Krige, N. Thompson, S. N. Cronje, J. Stegmann, W. A. Millar, M. Honnet (Manager), F. J. Dobbin, D. Morkel, W. Morkel, and A. van der Hoff.

In the front are Messrs. G. N. Wrentmore, J. Immelman, J. McCulloch, and J. Morkel.

Photograph by Lewis Brothers.

pronunciation. Oxford will, of course, remain the last stronghold of the King's English, just as, in America, Boston has never surrendered to the twang of New York. But Professor Skeat was a Cambridge man, and, naturally, would not look to Oxford for salvation.



A ROTHSCHILD wedding, no matter where, is of international interest. Paris did full justice to last week's event, but Mid-Buckinghamshire also attended, and presents came from the constituency, from Scotland, from Leighton Buzzard, and, roughly, from every capital in Europe. But there was no Browning to drop into rhyme, as on one occasion—

Venus, sea-froth's child,  
Playing old gooseberry,  
Married Lord Rosebery  
To Hannah de Rothschild.

*Voluminous.* Lord Haldane's installation as Chancellor of Bristol University, and, a few days later, his presence at the Guild-hall to give prizes to City scholars, will emphasise his bookishness.



ENGAGED TO MR. GUY FOSTER ROWE: MISS B. RAINSFORD HANNAY.

Miss Rainsford Hannay, of Mousehill Lodge, Milford, Surrey, is the daughter of General Rainsford Hannay, C.B.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

tell her that Schopenhauer was the author. He kept the secret, and she has never found it out.

*Facers.* Mr. Woodrow Wilson's Limerick on his "homeliness" of feature links him with the greatest of Presidents.



A NEW BARONET: SIR ARCHIBALD HENRY MACDONALD SINCLAIR.

Sir Archibald succeeded to the title the other day on the death of his grandfather, Sir J. G. Tollemache Sinclair. He was born in October 1890.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]

Lincoln was stopped on the road one night by a man with a revolver, who said, "I'm going to shoot you." "Why?" "Well, I swore I'd shoot any man I met who was uglier than myself." Lincoln, taking his arm and leading him to a lamp-post, peered into his face: "Shoot away," he said. Mr. Wilson's Limerick runs—

For beauty I am not a star—  
There are others handsomer far;  
But my face—I don't mind it,  
For I am behind it;  
'Tis the people in front that I jar.

Which of our Ministers could have written that?

*The Critic on the Grid.*

The most picturesque and remote of actresses, Mrs. Patrick Campbell is perhaps the most vivid and vivacious of raconteuses.



WIFE OF LORD SHREWSBURY'S ONLY SON: VISCOUNTESS INGESTRE.

Viscountess Ingestre, formerly known as Lady Winifred Paget, daughter of the late Lord Alexander Victor Paget, was married in 1904. She is the elder of the Marquess of Anglesey's sisters, who were raised to the rank of Marquess' daughters in 1906.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



WITH ONE OF HER FOUR SONS: LADY GLENCONNER, (FORMERLY MISS PAMELA WYNDHAM).

Before her marriage, which took place in 1895, Lady Glenconner was known as Miss Pamela Wyndham, and she is the daughter of the late Hon. Percy Scawen Wyndham. She has four sons and a daughter. Her husband, formerly well known as Sir Edward Tennant, was created Baron Glenconner last year.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

She has many stories in the vernacular, and many too personal or "shoppy" to be generally interesting. But a certain slap (and not her own) at a dramatic critic bears repeating at the moment. A young man had "roasted" an actress dreadfully in his journal. Introduced a few days later, she said to him, "I think it was real mean of you to roast me like that, especially when you know that I have to support three children and my husband, who's a dramatic critic!"

*His Majesty's Engagements.*

While a Privy Council and other town exactions kept the King from Kempton Park last Friday, his Majesty has contrived to satisfy nearly all the expectations of the public and of friends in regard to his engagements.

The King's programme has been unusually full and complex, and Cora Lady Strafford and Mr. Kennard received the final assurance that his Majesty would be able to honour them at Houghton Hall at comparatively short notice. But no notice is too short on such occasions. Two Ambassadors and a large party at once obeyed what was virtually Lady Strafford's command.

*Houses Here and There.* Surrey House is still open to the homeless hostess, and will be

the scene of another season of the chance dances which transform it in a few hours from a desolation to a centre of light and bustle. That it has found no permanent tenant is the more surprising on account of the increasing popularity of the district just north of Oxford Street, which all along the line, from the Circus by way of

Henrietta Street, past Derby House and through Manchester Square and Portman Square to Connaught Place, is finding much favour. Mr. and Mrs. Allan Mackenzie, on returning from a visit to Sir Victor Mackenzie near Ballater, have taken a house on the northern side of the park; and Lord and Lady Dunmore are to move into a house of their own in Sussex Square, instead of putting up at the Dowager Lady Dunmore's, in Lancaster Gate.



ENGAGED TO MR. J. M. B. SANDERS: MISS OLIVE SLAUGHTER.

Miss Slaughter is the only daughter of Mr. W. Capel Slaughter, of Berkeley House, Berkeley Square, and White Ness, Thanet. Mr. Sanders, of the Leinster Regiment, is the third son of Mr. S. Sanders, late of Alveston Manor, Stratford-on-Avon.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.



'THE PRINCE OF WALES' "VIS-A-VIS" AT MAGDALEN: LORD STANLEY.

Lord Stanley, elder son of the Earl of Derby, went up to Oxford last week at the same time as the Prince of Wales. He was born in July 1894.

Photograph by Lafayette.

## NOT AFTER THE CANARIES! PARTRIDGE-SHOOTING AT NORWICH.



1. RETRIEVING: THE HON. ALWYN GREVILLE, ELDEST OF THE EARL OF WARWICK'S BROTHERS.
3. CROSSING A DITCH: THE HON. ALWYN GREVILLE ASSISTING THE HON. MRS. HENRY COVENTRY, DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF THE EARL OF COVENTRY.
5. CHANGING GUNS: THE HON. ALWYN GREVILLE.

2. THE RIGHT HON. SIR AILWYN FELLOWES, ONLY BROTHER OF LORD DE RAMSEY; AND LADY FELLOWES.
4. DURING A DRIVE: THE HON. MR. AND MRS. HENRY COVENTRY.
6. LORD CECIL MANNERS, ELDER OF THE DUKE OF RUTLAND'S HALF-BROTHERS; AND LADY FELLOWES.

The photographs were taken during partridge-shooting at Honingham Hall, Norwich, last week. Sir Ailwyn and Lady Fellowes were host and hostess. The Hon. Alwyn Greville, who was born in 1854, is Major and Hon. Colonel in the Warwickshire Yeomanry. He is an Extra Equerry to King George. In 1888 he married Miss Mabel Smith, of Selsdon Park, Croydon. Sir Ailwyn Fellowes is well known as a politician and has been a Junior Lord of the Treasury, and President of the Board of Agriculture with a seat in the Cabinet. For five years he was Vice-Chamberlain of Queen Victoria's Household. In 1886 he married the Hon. Agatha Jolliffe, only daughter of the second Baron Hylton. The Hon. Henry Coventry is the third of the six sons of the Earl of Coventry. In 1907 he married Miss Edith Kip, daughter of the late Colonel Lawrence Kip, of New York. Lord Cecil Manners was formerly an Assistant Private Secretary to the Secretary of State for India (Lord Cross); acted as war correspondent for the "Morning Post" in South Africa; and has been M.P. for the Melton Division of Leicestershire.—[Photographs by Topical.]



ALSO WITH A SON AT MAGDALEN: THE EARL OF DERBY.

THROUGH Lord Derby the news reaches us that the King will visit Bury during the coming year; and there is talk of earlier encounters between his Majesty and the Stanleys. Knowsley is never left long out of the counting when royalty goes visiting, and the Jockey Club is common ground. Though Lord Derby is a keener devotee of the Turf than George V., their friendship is not bounded by racing interests. With Lord Derby it is possible to talk of horses, or to drop talking of horses, without being oppressed by the belief that they monopolise him.

**Almus Pater.** Perhaps because he gets through his work even more quietly than he gets through his recreations, he is most often spoken of as a sportsman. But South African war-correspondents remember the effectiveness of his blue pencil. Lord Roberts and the Post Office know his thoroughness and discretion, and the King has a high opinion of him as a man of affairs. Within the week a new bond has been made between them; each has a son at Magdalen.



CALLED ON ACTIVE SERVICE: TURKISH MILITARY AIRMEN AT THE BRISTOL AEROPLANE COMPANY'S FLYING-GROUND, SALISBURY.

The Turkish airmen here seen have been recalled from England for active service. Not all of them had succeeded in winning their pilot's certificate before they left, but all are capable of managing flying-machines. At the back are Lieutenants Abdullah and Sofet; in front are Lieutenants Fazal, Fethe, Sabri, and Arzi.—[Photograph by C.N.]

situation. Its wings go spreading away to west and east, so that the Duchess of Marlborough can now see from its farthest windows by-streets that she never guessed at when she was the occupier. And Lord Colebrooke, from whom Lord Derby made his purchase, long ago ceased saying, "I told you so"; the transformation has exceeded everybody's expectations—except Lord Derby's.

**The Stanley Tradition.** The scene of great parties during the times of "the Marlboroughs," of Lord and Lady Colebrooke, and of Sir John Leslie and his wife, it now becomes a still greater centre of entertainment; without ever seeming to be so, its new owner and his lady are true leaders of Society. They are the last people in the world "to shine"—a mean ambition suggesting patent-leather and diamonds, and corresponding attributes of mind and manner. The Stanley tradition is to entertain the King and Queen in a manner nothing less than magnificent. It is a tradition that will never dwindle; but it is a tradition. Otherwise they have no desire to repeat the astonishing feats of ancestral hospitality. Nor has Lord Derby been much fired by the example of his grandfather. He has sampled the House of Commons, and disproved to his own satisfaction the truth of its reputation as the best club in the world. He prefers, as clubs, the Turf or the Travellers'.

**Morocco-Bound Morris.** The Commons he went through with as a duty. He is not, and has never been, a Commoner. He inherits, he would claim, many things as important

as the arts of Premiership. And among them is a very definite sense of class, of family, of Stanleydom. It is told of the late Lord Derby that once, when he was looking for a book on the shelves at Knowsley, and passing the candle along the shelves, he unexpectedly lit up the range of William Morris's poems. "If I had known that that fellow was going to turn Socialist I would not have gone to the expense of binding him in red morocco," he observed, half to himself, half to his companion. It is a saying, flavoured of the family humour and prejudice, that might equally well have fallen from the son's lips.

#### Crown Derby.

Like the Stanleys of the past, the Stanleys of the present are near the Throne. The Stanleys of the future are promised the same familiar station. At Magdalen, the *Times* assures us, the lists have not been specially filled to provide the Prince of Wales with chosen companions. In Hall he is to take pot-luck, and "pal" luck. And yet there is something more than luck in the presence of Lord Derby's son and heir as a fellow "freshman." Lord Stanley's rooms adjoin the Prince's; their ages are the same and they are already friends. When Greece, at a distracted moment of her fortunes, offered her throne to the fourteenth Earl of Derby, he refused. The present Lord Derby is far from sorry. To know himself the trusted friend of George V., and to know that his son is his heir to royal favour, gives him much more satisfaction than could any opportunity of "increasing his headaches by wearing a crown."



THE WEDDING OF LORD ESHER'S HEIR: THE HON. OLIVER BRETT AND HIS BRIDE, MISS ANTOINETTE HECKSCHER; THE BEST MAN AND THE BRIDESMAID.

The Hon. Oliver Brett, elder son of Viscount Esher, was married in the United States on Oct. 1 to Miss Antoinette Heckscher. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. August Heckscher, is about three-and-twenty, is fond of philanthropic work, and is a thorough sportswoman. Her family, which came originally from Mecklenburg-Schwerin, is very wealthy, and is associated chiefly with the anthracite coal industry of Pennsylvania. The photograph was taken at Huntington, Long Island. From left to right are Mr. Cyril Stevenson, the best man; Mr. Brett; Mrs. Brett; and Mrs. Drelincourt Martin, the bridesmaid.—[Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.]



THE CREWKERNE AND WEST SOMERSET STEEPLECHASE AND HURDLE-RACE: EARL POULETT'S HOUSE-PARTY.

Standing (from left to right) are Earl Poulett, Captain Peake Mason, Mr. Kekwick, Mr. D'Arcy Little, and Mr. Peake Mason; sitting are Mrs. Kekwick, Countess Poulett (formerly Miss Sylvia Storey), Mrs. Peake Mason, and Miss Critchley Salmonson. Lord Poulett's seat is Hinton House, Hinton St. George, Crewkerne, and he has a town residence at 82a, Whitehall Court.—[Photograph by Topical.]

## IS SHE AN AIR MASCOT? MISS TREHAWKE DAVIES IN PILOT POSES.



1. EN VOITURE, MADemoiselle! Miss Trehawke Davies Getting into her AeroPlane.
2. PRELIMINARIES: REGULATING THE MECHANISM.
3. MORE PRELIMINARIES: MAKING READY FOR A FLIGHT.
4. LET GO! GIVING THE SIGNAL TO START.

5. THE WAY TO RISE: LEANING AGAINST THE WHEEL.
6. TO TURN TO THE RIGHT: PRESSING HER RIGHT FOOT AGAINST THE BAR.
7. TO DESCEND: LOWERING THE WHEEL FORWARD.
8. TO TURN TO THE LEFT: PRESSING HER LEFT FOOT AGAINST THE BAR.

The soaring ambition of the modern woman displays itself in many ways besides the desire of votes. Among other things, she shows a growing disposition towards soaring in the literal sense—that is, upon an aeroplane. Although there have, of course, been several notable women pilots, some of whom, like Miss Harriet Quimby, have met an airwoman's death, hitherto the majority of the women who have taken to the air have done so in the capacity of passengers. Most famous of these is Miss Trehawke Davies, who coolly jotted down her sensations during what might well have been a fatal fall while flying with the late Mr. Astley. It is reported that after his death at Belfast she expressed regret that she was not flying with him then, as she thought from their previous escape that she must be an air mascot, and that her presence would have saved him. In the above photographs Miss Davies has illustrated what would be the attitudes of an airwoman while piloting a machine herself.



THE SPY-KILLING CURE FOR INCOMPATIBILITY: A MILITARY MELODRAMA.

A Patriotic Problem Play!

and would stir my middle-aged blood and cause waves of emotion in me. Also I had read that it dealt profoundly with that great controversial problem, the Dissolubility of Marriage.



THE BISHOP IS SHOCKED BY MONIQUE, MR. J. D. BEVERIDGE AS MONSEIGNEUR JUSSEY.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

It was with some timidity that I went to the St. James's, for I had heard that "The Turning Point" was another tremendous patriotic play, and would stir my middle-aged blood and cause waves of emotion in me. Also I had read that it dealt profoundly with that great controversial problem, the Dissolubility of Marriage. Fancy having the task of judging such a work! When I read, the next morning, some of the criticisms, and found that "The Turning Point" really was a great and profound drama, and recollected what my own views were, I felt utterly unworthy. Fortunately for my peace of mind, I found other papers and discovered that it was not a great play, but merely a sensational melodrama, that the talk about patriotism was fustian or claptrap, and the alleged controversial matter mere "bunkum." I had not been in the theatre for more than a few minutes when I felt that "The Turning Point" was "no great shakes." The comic relief was about the poorest presented at the St. James's for many years; it gave one the idea that M. Kistemaekers, aware that he could not write amusing scenes, had nevertheless made a desperate effort to follow the fashion by inserting some. Although there was a good deal of comic relief during two acts, the only real humours lay in the quaint phrases of the translator: at times one could almost fancy that he was a wag making fun of the dramatist.

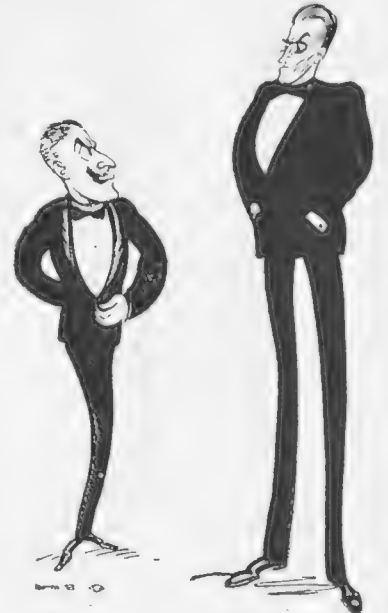
Glogau.

If the uninitiated were asked what is "Glogau."

money on her. Too much money—which he had to borrow; and Glogau, the spy, was the creditor, and had lent it him in order to get him into his toils. Dear old Glogau made a mess of it, for when he offered the Colonel the choice between becoming bankrupt or disclosing the secret plans of a fortress, his debtor strangled him before he could finish his sentence. This, I think, was hasty of the Colonel; but it is generally considered that "military gents" are rather arbitrary: a mere civilian would have waited to see whether Glogau was making fun of him, or merely testing his loyalty, as they do in the best fiction. Very hard upon poor Glogau if a mistake was made. The murder of Glogau brought husband and wife together again: he became their bond of reunion, and the young Radical Deputy was squeezed out. This was Marcel Beaucourt, who was courting the lady with a view to marrying her if she got a divorce, and was on such terms as to be invited to discuss the matter quite honourably in her bedroom at 1 a.m. This sounds very French; an Englishwoman, with her absurd prudish ideas, would hardly think of discussing the future with an ardent lover in her bedroom an hour after midnight: they would deal merely with the present. The second act closed effectively with husband and wife stealing out, candles in hand, to straighten up poor Glogau and tidy his room, in the hope that the violently strangled corpse would seem the body of one who had died a natural death. The military take a cruel view of police intelligence.

The Controversial Point.

The episode connected with Monseigneur Jussey, who told Monique—what she knew very well—that the Catholic Church would forbid the divorce, amounted to nothing as regards controversial drama, and probably he was only introduced as a means of telling the



FELT: "I SHALL CRUSH YOU BY MY SUPERIOR STRENGTH"; SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER AS LIEUTENANT-COLONEL FELT AND MR. GODFREY TEARLE AS MARCEL BEAUCOURT.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

audience some of her history. It is, however, suggested that the play shows that, thanks to this attitude of the Catholic Church, two fond hearts were prevented from being kept apart. One cannot overlook the fact that the murder of Glogau had more to do with the reunion than the views of the Catholic Church. So far as I know, there is not a large enough number of comfortably murderable spies to heal the rifts in an appreciable quantity of matrimonial lutes, so perhaps, after all, he was only a "bunkum" bishop. But suppose that we put aside all the advance puffing of the play, we can then say that, apart from its comic relief, it is a strong sensational drama, though hardly of the class that one hopes for at the St. James's. The first act has quite a thrill at the end. The second—a little too long—is effective melodrama, winding up with a striking situation; and the third rounds off the play very well. Sir George has an excellent acting part as the Colonel. It may be that he plays rather too slowly before he lets himself go, but before it is over his countless admirers see him really at his best. Miss Ethel Irving's character as Monique is less effective, but she has long scenes in which she plays admirably, and her exhibition of silent emotion is wonderfully fine. There is a good deal of merit in the work of Mr. Tearle as the young Radical Deputy.

E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)



BEAUCOURT, TOO, HAS HIS TURNING-POINT: MISS ETHEL IRVING AS MONIQUE, MR. GODFREY TEARLE AS MARCEL BEAUCOURT, AND SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER AS LIEUTENANT-COLONEL FELT.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

## OUR UNTAMED ARTIST AT THE PLAY: "THE TURNING POINT."



1. OFF TO BURN THE CORPSE—NOT REALLY; BUT THAT WAS WHAT IT SUGGESTED TO THE PHILISTINE, AT FIRST BLUSH!—  
MISS ETHEL IRVING AS MONIQUE AND SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER AS LIEUTENANT-COLONEL FELT.

2. WHAT COLONEL FELT GETS FOR DOING RIGHT AND SPY-KILLING! MISS ETHEL IRVING AND SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER AT THE ST. JAMES'S.  
"The Turning Point," an English version of Henry Kistemaekers' play, "La Flambée," by Peter Le Marchant, was produced at the St. James's some few days ago.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



# CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

ALMOST as wildly premature as the suggestion that Prince Arthur of Connaught may succeed Lord Hardinge as Viceroy of India are the names put forward in regard to the vacancy in the Order of Merit. Why Prince Arthur for India? Why not the Duke of Connaught? Youth must be served; but not before parents. And also in regard to the Order of Merit and the so-called vacancy. The artists dragged into the discussion are so young that they are still thinking of the prizes that they won, or missed, at school. Mr. Sargent or Mr. Clausen deserves the honour and might pass, but even they would be boys among the decorated sages whose O.M. stands for Old Man as well as for virtue. And "vacancy" is misleading. Where there is no Merit there is no Order.

*Peebles Again.* Lord Rosebery said there were two jokes about Peebles, but there are really three; and the third (all in the spirit of the famous "Peebles for pleasure") is the best. The story, as Mrs. Asquith tells it, is that an elderly Scot, looking back upon his career, began his record of steadier life with the words, "After a *jeunesse orageuse* in the neighbourhood of Peebles—"

*Sir Henry and Lady Norman.* Nobody in the smoking-room of the House had quite so much to relate of holiday adventures as Sir Henry Norman. Fifteen hundred miles was his motoring record. A man with less horse-power and will-power behind him would probably have shirked certain items of his itinerary, or have been arrested as a spy. When in Paris he spent a morning at the wireless station at the Eiffel Tower, and from Pisa he went to Coltano, whence the Italian Government can communicate by wireless with Tripoli, and even with Massowah. The officials encouraged all his investigations; and led him, besides, over the new Italian Dreadnought. The smoking-room tale is full of the technicalities of which Sir Henry is the master; but there is another and fairer tale in which the landscape and the blue sea do not figure merely as mediums for the engines of war—Lady Norman was his companion.

*The More Exclusive Duke.* The financial aspect of the Grosvenor House dinners is hardly paralleled. But there are cases in which ducal moneys have been disbursed for the avoidance of the political guest. The Duke of Bedford who came under the shrewd eye of the Duchesse de Dino is said to have had a particular hatred of the lesser people round about him. One day his steward suggested that some of them should be asked to dinner. The Duke refused. "But," argued the man of business, "the civility

may save your Grace fifteen thousand pounds at the next election." "Perhaps," replied the Duke; "but if by spending the money I can save myself boredom and annoyance, I consider it well spent. You can spend the money at the elections, but I will not give the dinner."



ENGAGED TO MR. ROBERT SHEKLETON BALFOUR: MISS IRIS FITZGEORGE.

Miss FitzGeorge is the daughter of the late Colonel FitzGeorge, son of the late Duke of Cambridge. Mr. Balfour is the son of the late Mr. Robert Balfour, of Stirling, Scotland.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

*"Herself a Fairer Flower."* Crowds of people found the way to the Horticultural Hall for the opening of the Fruit and Flower Show. Lady Harcourt and the Speaker discussed chrysanthemums; the Duchess of Wellington recognised bunches of friends, and Lady Winchester, wearing the roses of Harrogate, proved herself a learned critic of cures and the year's crops. Lady Portarlington, beautiful as always, was with Lady Aline Vivian and Lady Christian Dawson Damer. It was a reunion of many people leaving behind them many gardens, and assembled in London—to see flowers.

*The Poisoned Cup.* "I am an ardent cattle-breeder; I have a thousand head—'of bee," said Gilbert; and under some such elastic classification many people find themselves sufficiently interested in dairy-farming to visit the show at the Agricultural Hall. To some observers, two unexpected faces that go the rounds are more interesting than the milk-separators, and the eggs laid at so many a shilling by the patient hen. One wonders why a poet and a Party leader should choose to discuss metres and measures at Islington. And the various branches of science seemed represented out of all proportion well. Probably they came to spy upon the origins of life; but it was not within the precincts of the Hall that a wise and eminent scientist took tea with a lady friend, and talked thus: "But you?" expostulated she. "Oh, not at all," he reassured her; "I never touch it. There's always such a danger of germs"—and with that he finished emptying the cream-jug into her cup.

*Sleeves Up.* The Show, of course, has supporters. A genuine farm-hand is Lady Bessborough, who knows enough of the country to teach country girls, and enough of the City to find a market for their cottage manufactures. Lord Sandwick can dig potatoes against Lord Hardwicke; and Lady Esher turn an omelette as well as Lady Margaret Forbes. Lord Rayleigh, the milkman-peer *par excellence*, has rivals. Certain dairy-carts plying near Bradford bear the name "The Most Noble Marquess of Ripon"—or did so, and inaccurately, not many years ago. Their owner was entitled only to a "Most Honourable," as the agent has now learned.



MISS JANET MACKINNON, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. HUGH ORR-EWING WAS FIXED FOR OCT. 15. Miss Mackinnon is the daughter of Mr. John Mackinnon, of 10, Hyde Park Gardens. Mr. Orr-Ewing is in the Black Watch.—[Photo. by Val l'Estrange.]



MISS LILAH BUTLER, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT TO MR. A. H. F. EDWARDES IS ANNOUNCED.

Miss Butler is the second daughter of the Rev. Lord Theobald Butler. Mr. Edwardes is the second son of Lady Blanche Edwardes.—[Photo. by Lafayette.]



CAPTAIN F. W. EARLE AND MISS MARY LYNE STEVENS, WHOSE MARRIAGE WAS FIXED FOR OCT. 16.

Captain Earle is in the 2nd Battalion Hampshire Regiment.—Captain Maurice Patrick Macnaghten is the youngest son of Lord Macnaghten. He is in the Slavery Suppression Department in Egypt.—[Photographs by Vandyk and Lafayette.]



MISS SYBIL GRAHAM AND CAPTAIN THE HON. M. P. MACNAGHTEN, WHOSE MARRIAGE WAS FIXED FOR OCT. 14.



## LIFE LIVELY MOCKED: HERMIONE, OF "THE WINTER'S TALE."



SILHOUETTED BY PHOTOGRAPHY: MISS LILLAH McCARTHY.

Miss Lillah McCarthy is the Hermione of "The Winter's Tale," at the Savoy, the production of which by her husband, Mr. Granville Barker, has aroused so much talk.

*Photograph specially taken for "The Sketch" by E. O. Hoppé.*



THE TYRANNY OF TOGS: A WAIL AND A WARNING.

THERE is lurking and working somewhere at the back of life a mysterious and malign influence which is continually issuing edicts calculated to make the blood of a loyal and nicely intentioned citizen furiously to boil. I am not in a position to make any definite accusation, but my own

personal suspicions point to the Editor of the *Tailor and Cutter*, and I fancy he must have the assistance of a body of conspirators banded together for the purpose of piling burdens upon the shoulders of their fellow-men. For some unexplainable reason they are in a position to propound arbitrary decrees dictating what shall and what shall not be the masculine wear during the impending season. Barely has the man in the street grown accustomed to seeing himself in green than he is sternly told that blue is now the vogue, and tamely does he conform. The frock-coat, an article of no inconsiderable expense, is coolly abolished in a single night, and at intervals ukases are published, couched in terms of unbridled technicality, regulating the number of buttons to be worn upon a waistcoat, and the authorised form of a lapel for a coat. Here and there are to be found bold spirits

may be bidden by some anonymous authority to garb myself after a fashion alien to my inclination and unsuited to my complexion. And not only may this happen at any moment, but the edict will be set forth in terms which grate upon the intelligence. My waistcoat will be dubbed a "D.B. vest," and allusions will be made to "half-hose" and to "neck-wear." It is bad enough to be told that your entire wardrobe is to be reorganised instantaneously without having the information conveyed in a lingo barbarous and barely understandable. It is beyond bearing that I should be commanded by potentates whose names, even, are unknown to me to have my coat-collar "rolled" when I am incompletely acquainted with what precisely constitutes the process of "rolling."

Warning! The time has, in

fact, arrived to sound a solemn note of warning to our self-constituted dictators. We are to-day in an age of unrest, and the world of dress is not without its agitators. Some would have us adopt the satins and varied hues of the Georgian era, while others would have us go further back and deck, or half-deck, our forms in Grecian draperies. These things go to show that a spirit of discontent is abroad which may ultimately plunge us in sartorial chaos, and it will be well for the tyrants not to push their authority too far. It would be a bad day for England if every man were allowed to dress as he liked. The imagination boggles at the thought of a meeting of the House of Commons or the Church Congress under such conditions. But long-suffering has its limitations. Let but the iron hand of tyranny grip a little tighter, and we will wrench ourselves free of it. We will wear what number of buttons we please, and will refuse to have our collars rolled. We will decline to have any lapels at all on our coats. We will wear brown boots with top-hats and stuff crimson handkerchiefs into our dress waistcoats. We will refuse to have our socks called "half-hose," and will place the word "neck-wear" upon the Index Expurgatorius. And if these manifestations of a glorious and undaunted independence do not suffice to free us from an intolerable thralldom we will go further. If need be, regardless of certain climatic objections, we will dispense with clothing altogether.

Let them, therefore, repent while there is yet time, or they will inevitably see a word of tremendous import being slowly traced upon the wall, a word that will mean the death-blow to their tyranny, the watchword of our future freedom, the word "Woad"!

MOSTYN T. PIGOTT.



THE OLD MAN OF THE ROAD:  
A QUEER SIGNPOST.

Photograph by International Illustrations Co.

who turn a deaf ear to these dictates. There is a Jaeger suit in the Adelphi which declines to obey, and there is a hat to be seen in the Temple which has for generations hurled defiance at the fashion-mongers. But these are only isolated cases, and the rest of the world bends low before the dictators, and dresses itself in blue at the word of command.

Law and Order.

To the man of well-regulated mind it must be obvious that in the matter of clothes, as in other departments of life, there must of necessity be some recognised rules and regulations, and it is only the anarchist who will deny the advisability of their acceptance. Freedom in its best sense will hardly advocate the admission of football costume into the stalls of the Opera, and to concede to the habit of putting on a regulation dress when asked to dinner at the Carlton is not to be a slave. On broad lines it is well that there should be some sartorial discipline but it is insupportable that there should be a uniformity admitting of no scope for individual taste. There are doubtless those who have no individual taste that calls for scope, and it is curious that those who hunt the fox are more careful to conform to convention than other men. One might have supposed that the mere efforts to retain their places upon their horses over a difficult country would have been sufficient to make them unmindful of the minor matter of costume, but it is not so. For such as these some authority is required, and some tradition wholesome, but for the ordinary purpose of life dictation is unessential and abhorrent.

Literary Style.

I am as conventional and law-abiding as anybody, but I like to know where my conventions are framed and whence my laws proceed, and I resent the notion that to-morrow I



THE TEMPTATION OF HOMO: MR. HALLIWELL HOBBS AS HOMO, AND MISS LILIAN HALLOWS AS ZORAH IN "THE OPEN DOOR," AT THE LYCEUM.



AN ELEPHANT AS A FLOWER-VASE! A CURIOUS "COMPOSITION" BEAST ON THE LAWN OF THE LARCHMONT (NEW YORK) YACHT CLUB.

Photograph by Paul Thompson.

*Things that Keep Us Awake.*



No. I.— WHAT TO DO WITH WILLIE.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



## ONE GIDDY SENSATION: THE SWITCHBACK LIFE OF THE LONDONER.

By MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

*ENTRE chien et loup*—between dog and wolf—that charming and awed hour, the last gasp of the day, when it becomes difficult to distinguish between a dog and a wolf, a tree and a highwayman—the hour when "all cats are grey" and all women beautiful (the sequence contains no malice): between dog and wolf—I am only able to analyse the quaint idiom because, for a while, I had forgotten it. It belongs to my French life and period of thought. It evokes all a past—nebulous and dear—of October twilights, of country roads, sonorous between moving hedges and indefinite ditches, of fire-dreams sitting in an old and uncomfortable French armchair, with stumps in place of arms and a back as long and stiff as that of a "school-marm." Dreams despise comfort—nay, they only come to the cramped or the hungry. I never was hungry, but to be cramped is my normal state—I only feel comfortable in unorthodox attitudes (*Honi soit qui mal y pense!*). One dreamt well in front of that ancient chimney, with the iron "apron" that, once lowered, would not go up, and, up, was too proud of its altitude to descend. Fortunately, the "apron" was supplemented with a bellows that wheezed plaintively with each breath. It always smoked, that chimney—an enchanting and acrid smoke, smelling of green, fizzling wood and mixed with fragrance of chrysanthemums. The smell of it in the wet garden fills my



EDITOR OF "THE CORRESPONDENCE OF SARAH SPENCER, LADY LYTTLETON"; THE HON. MRS. HUGH WYNDHAM.

Mrs. Hugh Wyndham, great-granddaughter of Sarah Spencer, Lady Lyttelton, is the eldest of the three daughters of Viscount Cobham, and was born in 1880. In 1908 she married the Hon. Hugh Archibald Wyndham, second of the four brothers of Lord Leconfield.

Photograph by Thomson.

nostrils now. Between dog and wolf: it was just light enough to see one's face hideously distorted—all nose and chin—reflected in the brass firedogs, as the flames sprang up spasmodically. Why do I think of those other twilights? I am sitting in front of a hot, blazing English coal fire, in an armchair so deep and yielding that my knees are up to my chin. This twilight is just as good—so much better, indeed, that dreams won't come: those dreams born of smoke, ending as they began.

With the tea-tray came a letter, a letter from South Africa. I thought I would not open it before the last muffin. I was



WITH HER DAUGHTER MARGARET: VISCOUNTESS CASTLEREAGH.

Before her marriage, which took place in 1899, Viscountess Castlereagh was known as Miss Edith Chaplin, daughter of the Right Hon. Henry Chaplin. Her daughter Maureen was born in 1900; her daughter Margaret in 1910. Lord Castlereagh is Lord Londonderry's heir. [Photograph by Lillie Charles.]

gourmandising—not over the muffins. I knew it would be a lovely long letter, because the man who wrote it is lonely. It is only the lonely who can write six packed pages, and each of these pages sighed in different words—"Ah, 'tis only you Londoners that live." You are wrong, O Lonely Man, Londoners have not time to live. They only begin to live when they are half-dead and are ordered a rest-cure. The Londoner is for ever out of breath. Life, his life, is so fast that, run as he may too swiftly to see right or left, behind or before, he never can catch up and embrace her. He can merely pursue, with throat for ever parched and feet for ever sore. My dear Lonely Man, we who are not Londoners—you because you can't, and I because I won't—we can read books and see plays, and take walks and visit picture-salons, and take photographs (yes, and develop them, too), and we can even write letters. Do you think that if we were Londoners, we could do such delightful things? Here it is only the new book that counts. We could not possibly read several books a day just as they come out, and so we'd look at the beginning and look at the end and say it is "ripping" or it is "rotten." And we could not go to three "first nights" on the same night—at least, we could; but we could not see the plays, only fragments of each. It is true that no one thinks about plays nowadays, except provincials, pittites, and critics (but they only write about them). Do you know, Lonely Man, that Londoners can't walk (too much traffic and too many conveyances), nor, except preachers and politicians, can they talk? They haven't even time to think. *Je pense, donc je suis*. Very well, then, if they don't think, they don't be, and if they don't be, they don't live—quite limpid and logical. Believe me, they are more kicking than alive. And you were actually envying them, O Lonely Man, for whom a letter is something to look forward to! Happy, three times happy, man! It's you that live.

To live is to feel oneself live, to compare, to remember, to mourn, to hope—and all this takes time and requires slow growth. London life is a journey on a switchback, a succession of sensations too rapid to be either felt or analysed, ups and downs of shallow joys and shallow sorrows, merging into one another so quickly as to be one giddy sensation—up and down in a circle, and when it is finished it begins again. Only the Provincial and the Colonial, or, to go nearer home, the Suburban, can taste the day and all it contains, because they live slowly. The Londoner is shot through a wonderful kaleidoscopic tunnel that velocity renders monotonous and uniform.

Let the Londoner run after life: he can no more catch her up than can the fashionable woman catch up Fashion, and—Good gracious, already seven o'clock, and I have got to dress for dinner and telephone for theatre tickets. And I have not answered that invitation for tomorrow! That's what comes of dreaming between *chien et loup*, of dreaming at the birth of night. Dreaming is like eating. One must not live to dream, but one must dream to live.



WITH HER OSTRICH-PLUME A-HANGING DOWN HER BACK: A PARISIENNE NEWLY HATTED—AND FEATHERED.

Our correspondent writes: "If it fall below her knees, so much the better for its modishness; and when the breezes blow too strenuously, it may be twisted around her neck to make a becoming feather boa. For this is the last whim of Paris in the way of hat feathers—the *dernier cri* in millinery. If one has to economise a trifle, a long plume may hang from the back of the hat; if expense is absolutely no object, there is no reason why it should not encircle the hat before starting on its downward journey. The plume pictured here is a soft, rich green shade, and is attached to one of the stiff-brimmed Derby shapes of black velvet."

Photo, by Underwood and Underwood.

A STIFF SMOKE.



JOHNNY: Look here, old man, it's no use trying to unlock the door with a cigarette.

FWEDDY: Bless me! how strangsh! Wonder whether I've smoked the keysh?

DRAWN BY WILMOT LUNT.



MY LADY WRITES: MEMORIES OF MANY YEARS.\*

Concerning a  
Carpet; and  
Steam-Engine v.  
Racehorse.

Sarah Spencer, afterwards Lady Lyttelton, elder daughter of John, second Earl Spencer, by his wife Lavinia Bingham, eldest daughter of the first Earl of Lucan, saw much that was of unusual interest in the four-score and two years of her crowded life, and, fortunately, was one of the most ardent and able of letter-writers. Still more fortunately, her correspondence was treasured by those who received it. So it is that the light of publicity has been turned on matter which is of exceptional interest and of much value to those reconstructing that epoch-making period whose first year is marked 1787, whose last is set down as 1870. In a mass of detail, none of it dull, there are numerous units which conjure up most surely memories of modes and manners and moods foreign to the younger generation. What can be more suggestive than Lady Lyttelton's comment on the "down-lying" of a beautiful new carpet in the drawing-room of Spencer House in the month of May 1808? "It affords conversation to all the visitors," she writes; "and afforded Mama an excuse for turning out Lord Bulkley's great dog, whom he had brought in with him; two very good effects, you will allow, to be produced by a new carpet. Alas, poor carpet! In how short a time will it be trod and spit upon by dogs and men, without scruple, and never thought of from week's end to week's end." Does not that convey a picture—an unpleasant picture—scarcely realisable to-day? Then, from Wimbledon, in June of the same year, is a most significant note. "There is a steam engine to run a race against any racehorse at Newmarket, next meeting in October, and they say it will certainly win. I really should like to see it; I suppose it is a sort of self-moving carriage." There is a charm about that "they say"!

Court  
"Revelations."

There are items of Court news, too, which cannot have found themselves in any official gazette. In September of 1841, dating from Windsor Castle, Lady Lyttelton writes: "Played at *écarté* last night. It is now for money, and I won sixpence, which the Queen paid very honestly. A round game was played lately, after which Miss Paget had to pay Prince Albert twopence sterling, which she did, first washing them with yellow soap for his royal hands." And again, in 1841, "The High Sheriff of Bedfordshire, a burly squire, brought the county address to the Queen at Woburn yesterday. It was read in full saloon to her, from a white satin copy by His Honour, who, having been used to spectacles (which, I find, are forbidden by etiquette before royalty), could not very well perform his part." A year or so later, when she was governess to the royal children, Lady Lyttelton records: "The last thing we did before bedtime was to visit the access to the children's apartments, to satisfy ourselves that all was safe. And the intricate turns and locks and guard-rooms, and the various intense precautions,

suggesting the most hideous dangers, which, I fear, are not altogether imaginary, made one shudder! The most important key is never out of Prince Albert's own keeping, and the very thought must be enough to cloud his fair brow with anxiety. Threatening letters of the most horrid kind (probably written by mad people), aimed directly at the children, are frequently received. . . . It had better not be talked about." In 1849 there was a shooting incident to bring risk. "A pheasant having fallen, the Prince desired it might be picked up, and Colonel Grey and the Prince of Wales, close to him, went to find it. Just then a shot was fired by Lord Canning. It rattled straight at Colonel Grey, shot him in the face, and all down one side and leg, very slightly. . . The Prince of Wales was close by—not hurt. Lady Canning was, of course, looking on, rather more than interested, and there was some excitement when she saw her husband fall to the ground, and then raised by two men like a corpse! She shrieked aloud, and ran 100 yards to him, all the time thinking he had been *shot dead*, as she herself told me! At first nobody could understand what had happened, but it proved to be that Lord Canning had *fainted away* on having perceived the accident he had had, and the awful danger of the Prince of Wales from his unlucky shot."

Queen Victoria, Theatre-  
Goer; Lord Palmerston,  
Swimmer.

There are many other intimate touches. Witness, as an example, that about Queen Victoria at the play, in 1839.

"If her Majesty would wear less than four different wraps (all to be taken care of and put on), and go there without a bouquet, and a bag, and an opera-glass, there would be no difficulty at all. But she continues quite patient and kind, and very nice altogether." And as another, a Windsor note of 1841: "I have often preached apropos about the unwholesome effect of office. So in candour I must mention that Lord Palmerston [then fifty-seven] is in the constant habit of rowing for two or three hours before breakfast, and also of bathing and swimming in the Thames at the same time of day. He came from this latter performance this morning as fresh as a—no, I beg a rose's pardon!—but as an old river-god, to his customary hearty meal."

The  
Correspondence.

In 1809, prophetically, Lady Lyttelton wrote to her favourite brother: "Do you know, if you pay me so many compliments about my correspondentship, I shall have my head turned by them, and expose myself in some strange way; perhaps have all my letters published, and say in my preface that I do it pressed by the importunities of my numerous and judicious friends, or some vanity like it." It is

very good that her Correspondence has been freed: it is as entertaining as it is valuable. We hope that the few extracts here given will attract many to the book: they will not regret having been so enticed to read.



FROM A DRAWING BY HER MOTHER:  
SARAH LADY LYTTELTON AS A CHILD.

Reproduced from "Correspondence of Sarah Spencer, Lady Lyttelton," by Courtesy of the publisher, Mr. John Murray



FROM A PORTRAIT AT HAGLEY AFTER J. JACKSON, R.A.:  
SARAH LADY LYTTELTON.

Reproduced from "Correspondence of Sarah Spencer, Lady Lyttelton," by Courtesy of the publisher, Mr. John Murray.

\* "Correspondence of Sarah Spencer, Lady Lyttelton, 1787-1870." Edited by her great-granddaughter, the Hon. Mrs. Hugh Wyndham. With Portraits. (John Murray; 15s. net.)

FLATTERY!



THE MAN MILLINER: That is the very thing for you, Madam. You have her *chic* and figure, and good breeding in addition.

DRAWN BY ABEL FAIVRE.



## THE WAY OUT.

By WALTER WOOD.

DALBY looked at the *Gazette*, and his hard brown face softened with emotion. It seemed but yesterday that the same periodical announced that E. J. B. Dalby had been given a commission, yet fifteen years had passed, and now he was actually the unchallenged head and chief of well-born men who had dealt with him as a mere pawn in a game, a person of no importance and no position. For Lieutenant-Colonel Dalby had entered the Army as a private soldier, without influence in any form whatever, but with a military genius and a tireless tenacity which, step by step, had given him the promotion now gazetted.

For one outstanding achievement he had been allowed to choose between the Victoria Cross and a commission, and he had taken the commission. This meant leaving his old regiment and beginning a new life in another corps. The life had prospered to its present pass, and so it was that he was the officer commanding the battalion in which he had served as a private.

The glow of pride and satisfaction seemed to vanish almost as soon as it had come, and Dalby's face was grave and troubled. He put the paper down and rose and looked out of the window across the parade, and there he saw the fine, soldierly figure of his second-in-command walking quickly towards him—Christie, whose life, when he was a subaltern, Dalby had saved, and for which act he had refused the Cross.

Christie swung along, smiling as he saw his commanding officer, and saluting as he approached him.

Dalby acknowledged the salute, and a moment later Christie entered the chief's quarters, and in ringing tones congratulated him on his promotion. "It is, of course, Sir," he said, "a matter of special pride to me to see you in this position, and to know that there is now no limit to your advancement."

"You are very kind to say so," replied Dalby simply, as they shook hands. "Naturally, I feel proud—and I hope that I shall not stop at this. I am like a wild beast that has tasted appetising flesh—I want more. Yet I realise how deeply grateful I should be for my amazing luck. It is odd, very odd, to feel that I am the head of men who are in so many ways my superiors."

"If, Sir," rejoined Christie pleasantly, "you are, as I am sure you will be, as good a chief as you were a subordinate, you will indeed have cause for pride. Forgive me for venturing to say that."

"I need not forgive a very kind compliment," said the Colonel. "Now take a glass of wine with me."

The two men drank together and smoked cigars as they talked over many an incident of their adventurous lives; then Christie rose to leave. As he did so there was a knock at the door, and the Colonel's soldier-servant, a man who had been in the ranks with him, announced a visitor—Mr. Marryss.

"Sir!" exclaimed Christie, in amazement and alarm, "what is the matter? Are you ill? Stone," he added, "fetch the doctor."

Dalby, who had turned ghastly pale and had sunk into a chair, sprang to his feet. "No," he said, almost fiercely, "never mind the doctor. Show Mr. Marryss in—and will you stay, Christie?"

"Yes, Sir," answered Christie, as Stone silently obeyed.

"Every pot of ointment has its fly," added the Colonel bitterly.

Christie did not answer. He was too much taken aback.

"In the name of the Most Merciful God!" murmured Dalby, and Christie, who heard the words, recalled a Moslem butchery which he and the chief had witnessed in the East—a wholesale sacrifice which was prefaced with the pious phrase.

Stone went to the door. "Come in," he said curtly. "The Colonel'll see you—though," he added in a whisper, "a sort o' instinct tells me that I ought to give you a lift back to New Jerusalem."

Mr. Marryss entered the room. He was a little man, with keen dark eyes, a swarthy complexion, glossy black hair, black beard, and a glossy silk hat, with black glossy boots and white spats. He carried a stick and a pair of gloves. As he entered he glanced swiftly at Christie, then at the Colonel; then he bowed cringingly.

"I thought you were alone, Sir," he began, in thick, lisping tones.

"For your purpose, I am," replied the Colonel.

"I was hoping to see you by yourself," continued Mr. Marryss.

"What you have to say may be said in the presence of Major Christie," the Colonel intimated coldly.

"I would *rather* see you alone, Sir," said the visitor.

Christie looked at his chief. He was grieved and uncomfortable, for he knew instinctively that this unsavoury and unattractive person was a moneylender and a notorious scoundrel. He was amazed that the steady-going Dalby should have been in any way associated with him; but he did not indicate his feeling.

"I am glad, Sir," said Marryss, "to find that you have been promoted to the command of your regiment—very glad. I have called to congratulate you."

"You have come for something more than that," declared the chief, with candour.

Marryss bowed. He was peeling his grey gloves from his hands and revealing on the thick and vulgar fingers sparkling gems of value. A pure white diamond pin was securely fastened in his monotone silk tie; and a heavy eighteen-carat gold chain was hanging in two sections from his variegated waistcoat. This financier had tastes, of sorts, and knew that the gem flashed most brilliantly on a single colour; he also believed that his gold cable showed to best advantage on a coloured background.

"If I could see you alone," resumed Marryss, glancing at Christie.

"Say what you have to say and get done with it," the Colonel commanded bitterly. "You have chosen your time well."

"I have waited a long time," rejoined the visitor, with veiled insolence.

"You are likely to wait longer, if the object of your visit is what I suppose it to be," the Colonel answered.

"I have come for a settlement," Mr. Marryss frankly announced.

"There! I am quite honest!" He spoke as if immensely relieved. For a few seconds he paused, then he took an imposing envelope from an inner pocket and began to select and arrange papers from it. He was not invited to be seated, and the three men remained standing.

"Sir," whispered Christie, who shrank from such a scene as this, "if it is only a question of sordid debt, to which the most careful and straightforward of us are liable, will you allow me—"

"I know what you are going to say," interrupted the chief, "and I am grateful from my heart; but it is more than that—far more than that."

Christie felt unaccountably chilled and awed. There was something so grim and stern on the strong features that he knew so well and admired so much. He had seen the same look on the faces of brave soldiers who had volunteered for forlorn hopes.

"Could I possibly settle the thing for you—in any shape or form, Sir?" ventured Christie. He looked at Marryss, and the visitor knew quite well that the athletic second-in-command, on a mere hint, would fling him bodily out on to the parade; and that there would be the same uncomfortable zeal on the part of the faithful servant who was just outside the door.

"I brought it about—and I will see it through. I alone am responsible for this, and I will not allow anybody else to bear or even share the punishment." He turned sternly to the visitor, and again, as if issuing a command, said, "Now, have your say."

Mr. Marryss obeyed, speaking cringingly, but defiantly. "I came, Sir," he said, "hoping for a settlement."

"And meaning to have one?" said the chief.

Marryss heaved a long sigh, into which he tried to infuse a show of sympathy.

The Colonel smiled at the clumsy hypocrisy. "You must be good enough to be brief—I am very busy," he said. "And do not mince matters. What is the amount now?"

"Exactly five thousand pounds," replied Marryss quietly.

Christie started; but the chief remained unmoved.

"Your price has risen very quickly," said Dalby, after a pause.

[Continued overleaf.]

## MOMENTARY MISCONCEPTIONS.



THE RIDING-MASTER: You'd do better, Mr. Read, if you didn't keep on hitting him so hard, Sir.

THE BREATHLESS NOVICE: H—h—haven't used—whip—once!

THE RIDING-MASTER: Ah, with your breeches, I mean.



THE FIRST GENTLEMAN OF THE ROAD (to second ditto): Giv' me quite a shock, till I see'd the "U.S.A." Thought it was more of our dear old pals gorn aloft.

DRAWINGS BY HOPE READ.

"A colonel has a far greater value than a subaltern, Sir," rejoined the visitor.

Christie flushed at the insolence.

"Give him rope," observed Dalby calmly.

"I would, Sir," snapped Christie hotly, "and plenty of it, if he would go and hang himself." Then he became grimly silent.

"For that sum," added the visitor, ignoring the presence of the Major, "I would put all these papers on the fire."

"Sir," broke in Christie boldly, "would you ask this person to leave us for a moment? I have an idea which might settle the matter."

"Perhaps you could put it in a few words on paper," replied the chief, smiling, "and give it to me."

Christie took the hint, and while he wrote rapidly and then gave the sheet of notepaper to his superior, the visitor strolled to the window and looked unconcernedly across the parade.

Dalby read the hastily written sentences, then slowly tore the sheet to pieces. He smiled his thanks, but shook his head.

Christie had scribbled: "If you will allow me, I will, by force, seize every document this creature possesses, and take the consequences. I implore you not to be blackmailed."

"We will finish our talk, Mr. Marryss," the Colonel intimated.

The visitor turned and confronted the officers. "Of course," he said, "I only brought copies with me—I never carry originals. You never know what might happen to them." He glanced at Christie from under his black, beetling brows, and the second-in-command flushed again; as if he knew that his purpose had been guessed.

"The thing is impossible," announced the Colonel, after a pause.

Mr. Marryss sighed again; but this time he did not feign sympathy. It was a genuine expression of disappointment which he had not been able to suppress.

"I have not five thousand shillings, not to mention pounds," added the Colonel.

"You have your pay—and will have your pension," Marryss almost snarled.

"Both together would not satisfy a harpy like yourself!" blazed Christie. "Sir," he added apologetically to the chief, "I ask your forgiveness for saying this; but I am now daring to speak frankly as a friend, and not as a subordinate. This is not a Service matter—that is why I dare to be so frank. I can help a little; but I am, as you know, a poor man—very poor. Just at this stage," he went on, lowering his voice almost to a whisper; "just now, when private honour is as precious as life itself, you cannot possibly afford to—"

"My dear Christie," interrupted Dalby gently, in low, broken tones. "I—I—" He finished by saying, "God bless you!" and shaking hands with his second.

"I repeat, Sir," said Christie firmly, "that—"

"It is no good talking," whispered Dalby hoarsely. "If these were ordinary, honourable papers, I could, and surely would, face the matter through; but they are not. They are forgeries—and this shark knows it!"

The long day had ended; routine business had been transacted, many telegrams of congratulation had been received and acknowledged, and Mr. Marryss had returned to his office, where he was framing a letter in which he expressed willingness to arrange a compromise. "Better half a loaf than no bread," he muttered.

Dalby and Christie were again in the chief's quarters, talking earnestly and with perfect candour.

"Now," observed Dalby, "you see precisely how I am cornered, trapped. These particular men whose names I have used will show no mercy. Why should they, to a successful rival? They would gladly take the chance to smash me—especially as it was from one of them that I decoyed the woman who has been my ruin. On that point I will say nothing, except that it was to meet her extravagant and growing demands that I did these things. My God, Christie! If it had only been a different sort of woman—and I had married her!"

"Is there no way out, Sir?" asked Christie, who was as grey-faced as his chief.

"None that I can see, Christie. These men will hound me to ruin, and exult in their revenge. And I suppose it is human nature. Well, have we not seen worse things done in the name of the Most Merciful God?" He gave a little bitter laugh. "I am absolutely at a loss to know what to do. Of course, I must send in my papers, and then—then—well, if it ends at that I shall be lucky. I came from nothingness—I shall go back to it. There is no way out." He glanced despairingly at his friend. "What would *you* do?" he demanded, with almost hopeful eagerness.

Christie leaned forward and whispered in the Colonel's ear.

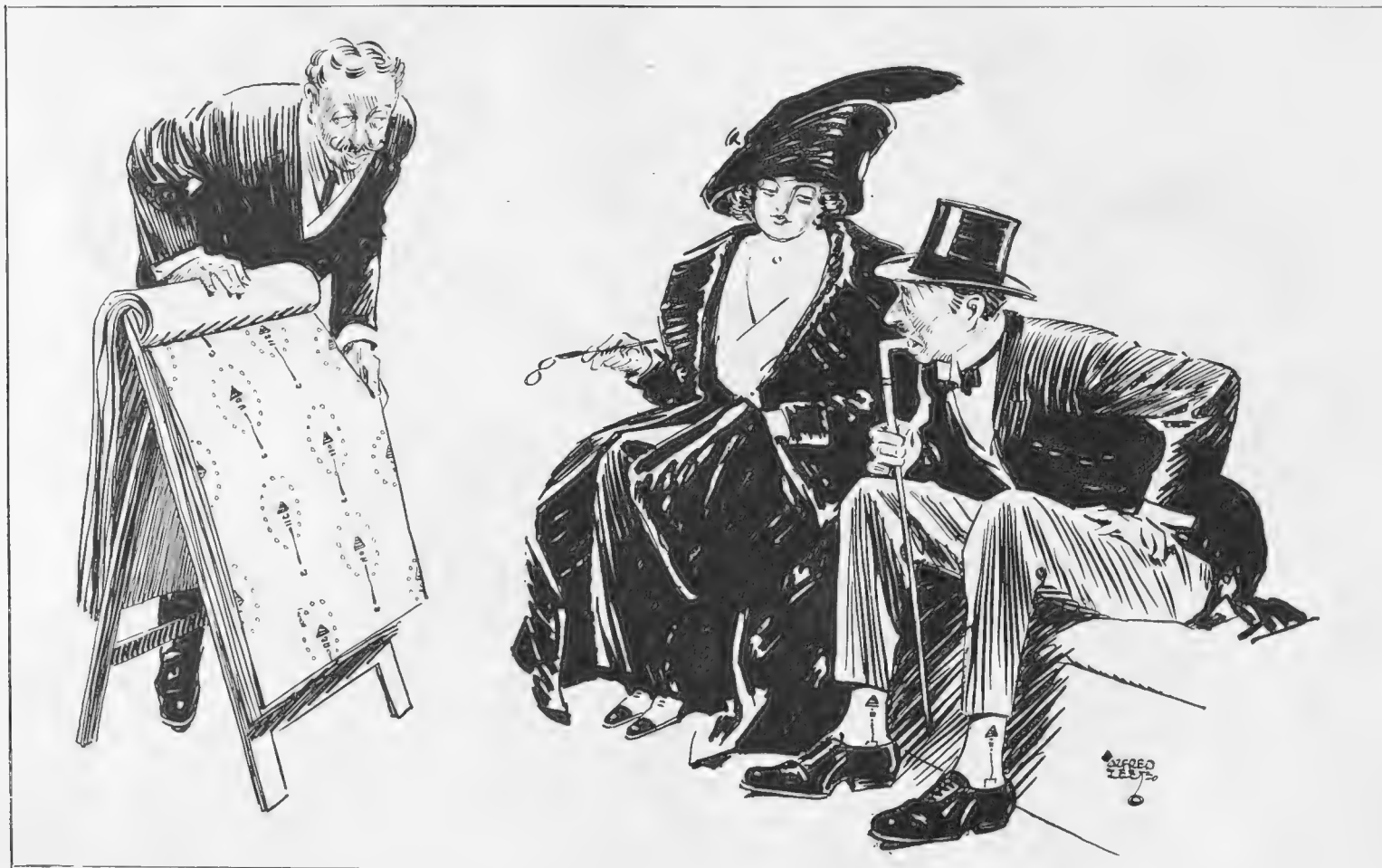
Dalby smiled as if he had suddenly beheld a wonderful solution of the difficulty. "Of course," he said, "that had entered my mind; but, even so, it would not keep Marryss quiet."

"I will see that he is silent," promised Christie grimly.

"Then it is settled," declared Dalby, almost gaily, and speaking as if an enormous burden had been removed from him. "Now, Christie, you are going to smoke a cigar with me and drink to my good journey. I know, in spite of all, that you will do that."

"I will, Sir," answered Christie, in a low and broken voice. "And, my God! I am proud of the subordinate who became my chief!"

And so it happened that next morning Lieutenant-Colonel E. J. B. Dalby was found in his quarters, with the roof of his head blown away, and a note, written in a firm hand, saying that he had become entangled in a trouble from which this was the only way out.



SHE (selecting wall-papers): I think we must really decide upon this one, Aubrey; it matches your socks so beautifully.

DRAWN BY ALFRED LEETE.



# ON THE LINKS

FROM AMERICAN TO CANADIAN GOLF: THE OLD COURSE AT TORONTO.

## The Game in Canada.

I travelled from Chicago to Toronto and, on arrival, set out for a first experience of Canadian golf, going by car to the far edge of the suburbs, where is the course of the Toronto club. Now there is a very sad side to this story, but let me tell the nice side first. To begin with, this is the oldest of the leading golf clubs in Canada. It was first instituted in 1876, reorganised in 1894, and has always been a very popular and nicely old-fashioned sort of club. Because of its seniority I went to it first, though there is another club in the locality with a greater fame. No sooner do you tread on Canadian links than you feel the difference between the golf of the Dominion and that of the States. This is really so. The whole golfing atmosphere is different, and the only things that American and Canadian golf seem to have in common, so far as I have been able to see up to now, are the raised-up tee-boxes. Canadian golf is far more like the British thing. This is not a championship kind of course; the holes are not of good length, and several of them are too short, but they are extremely picturesque. For many reasons—and not the least impressing was the fact that a railway now runs through the ground and another alongside—it reminded me of the West Middlesex course.

## The Old-Fashioned Way.

But apart from the railway, it is really a beautiful piece of golf landscape, quite English in appearance. There are clumps of trees, little watercourses, spinneys and the most extremely undulating open land. Some golfers like ravines. They feel that they satisfy their sporting instincts and do good to their souls. Such men should take ship to Quebec or Montreal and get along to Toronto while yet there is time (see last note on this page), for here there are more and better ravines than anywhere. The clubhouse is perched up on a hill, and is such a delightful, old-fashioned sort of house as you sometimes come across at old English golfing-places. It was an old farmhouse to begin with, and it has been added to, bit by bit, as occasion demanded. There is none of the American magnificence or completeness of appointment about it; but there are nice old rooms with stone floors and low ceilings and quaint fireplaces. On the walls are old golfing pictures, such as a really old copy of the print of the ancient Blackheath Golfers, and a plan of the old course at St. Andrews, with a photograph of old Tom Morris attached to it, signed, "From Tom Morris to the members of the Toronto Golf Club, 1896." I saw here, at least, one of the most charming golf trophies I have ever seen. It is called the Osler Trophy, and is a representation in silver,

about eighteen inches high and about three or four in width, of a golfer's bag standing on a silver base, about twelve inches wide, suggesting a green, with holes, flags, and golf balls about. In the bag is a complete set of miniature golf clubs in mahogany and silver, and attached to the outside of it are numerous medals with names of winners of the trophy engraved upon them.

## The Sadness of Parting.

Now we come to the sad part of the story. When I spent a day at this place there was a noticeable melancholy overhanging it, and the reason was that it is soon to be a thing of the past. The members are much attached to their club-house and golfing-ground, and the old holes that they have played so many times, and with so much enjoyment, and some of them are dismal almost to the stage of tears because they must be parted from them, for soon the mother of Canadian golf courses will be no more. It is the old tale, though I had fancied it was hardly told anywhere else than in the suburbs of London. When the enthusiasts in the game from the Old Country made their course out here in this pretty spot, the little town of Toronto was miles away in the distance, and could but dimly be seen. It was a pleasant country walk or ride out to the golfing-place. But lately Toronto has been enlarging itself at a tremendous pace, and now its new car-lines and its new houses and streets are right up to the course, and the course itself is wanted. Two of the holes have already been killed by the builders. It is a sorry business, but it is inevitable. After this fall there will be no more golf out this way; but the members will take their game at a new and, from the purely golfing point of view, a far better place on the other side of the big city. They have made a course which they say will be the best in North America, and they are just finishing a magnificent club-house; but for long they will remember the old place they had at first. As I went down the hill in the dusk a boy was whistling, "She wore a wreath of roses," and everything seemed to suggest the sadness of parting and remembrance. I began to feel miserable about it myself, and walked the whole five miles back to town, turning into a picture palace on the way for ten minutes and witnessing "The Cowboy's Mother," being a thrilling drama of Western life, which did the business of changing thoughts very nicely. Next day I went out to the Lambton Golf and Country Club, with Mr. George Lyon, the Canadian champion, and that was an intensely interesting experience, which I will write about some other time.

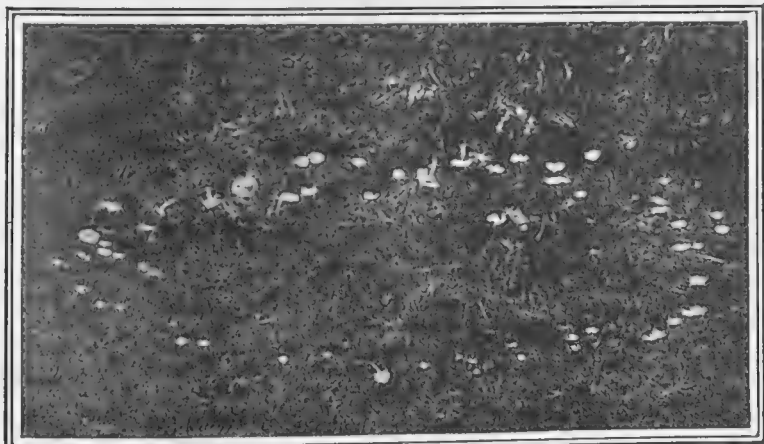
HENRY LEACH.



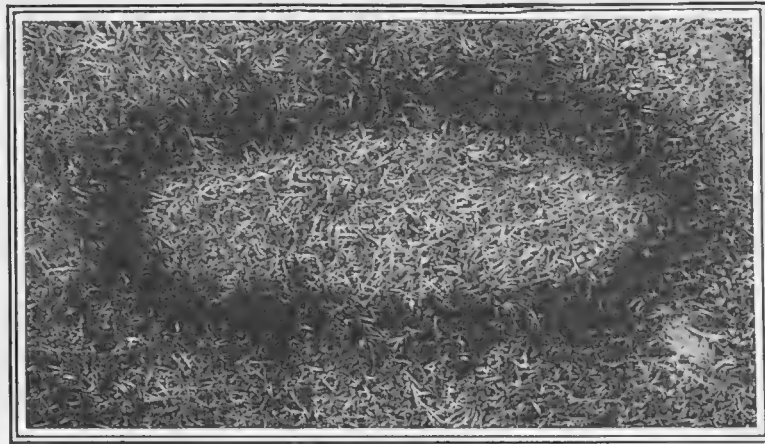
LEARNING THAT THE CLUB DOES NOT KEEP ITS FACE TURNED FAITHFULLY TOWARDS THE BALL: "ONE-HANDED EXERCISE."

"The mind must . . . be disabused of the idea that the club is to keep its face turned faithfully towards the ball. . . . Let the player take his club in his left hand, and . . . imagine himself to be playing a backhand shot at it as he would at lawn-tennis. . . . Let him go through the performance quite slowly and keep a watchful eye on his hand and wrist and on the head of the club. . . . He will see that the club-head does not for more than a very few inches of its progress remain facing in the direction in which he proposes to hit. . . ."

Reproduced from "The New Book of Golf," edited by Horace G. Hutchinson, by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Longmans, Green, and Co.



A PUTTING-GREEN DISFIGURED: "FAIRY RING" FUNGI BEFORE TREATMENT.



A PUTTING-GREEN ITSELF AGAIN: AFTER THE TREATMENT OF THE "FAIRY RING" FUNGI.

PETER PAN. PLEASE NOTE! GOLFERS DO NOT BELIEVE IN FAIRIES!

"'Fairy Rings,' which so greatly disfigure some putting-greens, can be cured by using Fairy Ring Destroyer at the rate of 2 lb. per pole."

Reproduced from "The Book of the Links: a Symposium on Golf," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son; and of the Editor, Mr. Martin H. F. Sutton, F.L.S.



THE EMPIRE'S EMPRESS; RAG-TIME RAGS; LAUDER AND THE LADY IN THE STALLS.

THE Empire remains firm in its adherence to the dance, and in Lydia Kyasht it possesses an exponent upon whom it can always confidently rely. We all have our preferences, and some may seem to discover a more compelling personality in Genée, a more butterfly-like lightness in Pavlova, a greater technical perfection in Karsavina,

and a more subtle meaning in Maud Allan, but Lydia Kyasht's art is undeniable, and her performance in Delibes' "Sylvia" was enough of itself to establish her permanently in public favour. She is now appearing in a "dance episode" entitled "First Love," which gives her sufficient opportunity for displaying her proficiency. The little sketch is unpretentious and does not aim higher than this. It has no particular hidden meaning, but just succeeds in providing the danseuse with a medium for executing, with her cavalier, M. Volinin, some very dainty and delightful measures. The music, without rising to great heights, is tuneful and attractive, and pleases the ear while the eye is employed in admiring the nimbleness and grace of the dancers. The term "episode" is well chosen, for nothing in particular, except the dancing, occurs. The youth and the maiden meet, and after various gyrations on the part of the swain, and much

it suiting them down to the ground; but whether it can long retain its hold upon audiences more or less chastened by civilisation remains to be seen. The Octette has the advantage of being accompanied on the piano by Mr. Melville J. Gideon, who performs prodigies of acrobatic manipulation; but, personally, when I heard the troupe I felt like an oyster, which, we are told, a noisy noise annoys.

"Harry."

The Tivoli is not exactly Harry Lauder's native heath, but it makes a mighty satisfactory substitute, and his foot is fairly on it. Though not in the best of health, and confined to his bed during the daytime, he bobs up with complete serenity in the evening, and with inimitable aplomb takes his audience affectionately and instantaneously to his bosom. There is no great variety in the burden of his songs, and there is a certain sameness in his tunes, but his admirers know precisely what to expect, and are all the better pleased that he does not spring upon them anything in the nature of a surprise. His confident and comprehensive smile goes direct to their hearts, and the fine voice with which Nature has endowed him sings itself into their affections in a moment. They like to feel themselves on terms of personal intimacy with their favourite, and, hailing him by his Christian name, they start cheerful conversations, in which he joins with gusto, retorting to noisy suggestions with ready banter, and generally adding to the atmosphere of geniality and good-fellowship. The other evening I saw a curious instance of the friendly familiarity which obtains between the comedian and the house. In the front row of the stalls was a party consisting of an old gentleman and five old and elderly ladies, all evidently of good social position. When Harry Lauder came out to take his second encore one of these ladies half rose from her seat, and in a clear voice said, "Mr. Lauder, the ladies would like you to sing 'Leezie Lindsay.'" He graciously expressed his regret that as the music was not there he could not comply with the request, but hoped to remedy the defect on some future occasion. But the fact that a lady should publicly address a performer on a music-hall stage is a striking proof of the relations between the melodious Scot and his public.



AS DARLING DORA IN "FANNY'S FIRST PLAY," AT THE KINGSWAY MATINÉES, MISS IRIS HOEY.

Photograph by Bassano.

spinning on the part of the spinster, all in keeping with the love-making traditions of the ballet, the lady tears herself from the embraces of her exceedingly ardent lover and vanishes from his presence. M. Volinin is a very capable dancer and contributes considerably to the success which Mlle. Kyasht succeeds in extracting from somewhat slender material.

Rag-time.

It is a far cry from the conventional ballet form to the rag-time which, we are confidently informed, has come to stay. It has, however, yet to prove its staying power. That it has for the time caught on in London is beyond dispute, and the Octette who expound the mysteries of the art—and they are mysteries indeed—are hailed with enthusiasm by Hippodrome audiences. In America, rag-time has long had a tremendous vogue, and I understand that parties are given there at which everybody in turn takes a piece of music and treats it to the process of syncopation. Nothing is sacred from their attentions, and the performer who can transform an entire Handel oratorio into rag-time will probably be awarded the first prize. The chief feature of this syncopated music is its restlessness, and its main result is noise. It never attempts to appeal to the intelligence, and if it did it would probably fail ignominiously, for the words to which the tunes are set are beyond belief meaningless and illiterate. For the most part, they rhyme not, neither do they scan, but they are made the occasion for a great deal of noise, and it cannot be denied that they are given with a lilt that sets every foot tapping on the floor. The professors of this freak form mostly sing in a strenuous and strident pitch, and with a lusty vigour indulge in antics which enhance the desired pandemonium. The negroes are credited with the invention of this lilting hullabaloo, and one can well imagine



TO DANCE AT THE CABARET THEATRE CLUB, AT "THE CAVE OF THE GOLDEN CALF," ON THE 20TH: LA SOLILA, THE ANDALUSIAN.

La Solila is one of the "turns" announced for the 20th, when the performance will begin at 9 p.m. The others will include "Jake and the Sphinx talk; an Immorality Play"; M. Lou Tellegen, of the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt; Poems by and Songs after Ezra Pound; M. Rafael Romero de Spinola; M. Jean Louis Pisuise; M. Max Blokzy, "Pianiste Fantaisiste"; "Eve"; "Napoleon III."; "Katherine II."; La Solila; Mlle. Leonie; Mlle. Nadia; Mlle. Margot; M. Matias; and the Masked Dancer. By the way, the third act of Mr. George Grossmith's Revue at the Alhambra is a stage reproduction of "The Cave of the Golden Calf."

Photograph by Feinberg.

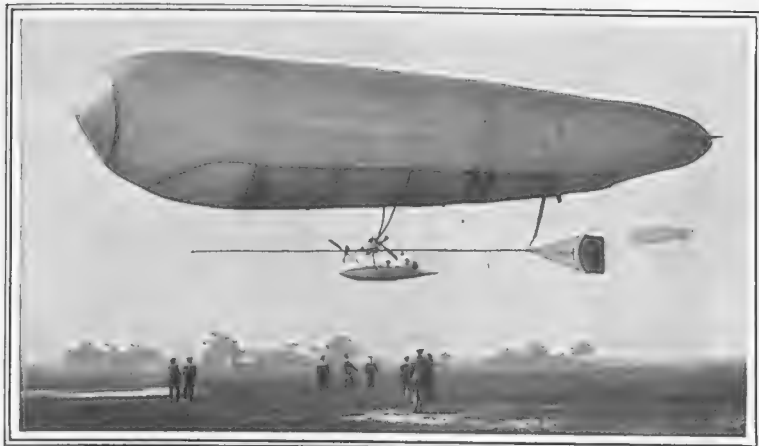
ROVER.



## A HILL-CLIMB, AN AVIATION SHOW, A PARAFFIN CARBURETTER, AND OTHER MATTERS.

### Gaillon Triumphs for Benz and Continentals.

The French classical motor events are not, like those of this country, permitted to drop into oblivion at the bidding of a trade society. Far from it, or we should not be reading the results of the fourteenth Gaillon Hill-Climb, which took place on Sunday, 6th inst. Although Gaillon is some sixty miles from Paris, the



FITTED WITH A TORPEDO-SHAPED CAR: THE NEW NAVAL AIRSHIP IN FLIGHT AT FARNBOROUGH.

The army dirigible "Beta" can be seen in the background, to the right.

Photograph by C.N.

meeting was very largely attended, thanks to the weather. The honours of the day went to a Benz car and Continental tyres—the car being a monster of a four-cylinder, 200-h.p., with cylinders 7 7-8 in. bore by 9 7-8 in. stroke. The hill is one kilometre in length, and, I believe, rejoices in a gradient of one in ten. Up this quite respectable slope the giant car was driven by Eile at 101 1-5 miles per hour, the distance being covered in 22 sec., as against 23 sec. last year by the same car and the same driver. To me the marvel is not so much, perhaps, the power exerted by the engine as the resistance of the Continental tyres to the fearful stress necessary to hurling this mass of machinery up this hill at projectile-like speed. In passing, I note that a fully equipped Sunbeam would have scored first honours in the touring class but for a suicidal idiot who dashed across the road in front of the car, and caused the driver to lose several seconds.

### How to Take Stones.

Notwithstanding the fairly general improvement in the systems of road-repair adopted all over the country, the motorist will from time to time light upon districts where unthinking and barbaric methods still obtain, and will find long stretches of road sheeted from side to side with unrolled stones. But no matter how sharp and penetrating an aspect is presented by the jagged, unrolled metal, the harm likely to be caused to one's tyres can be guarded against to a great extent by taking the wicked patch carefully. Once descried, if the stretch be not too long, it is best to roll up at just such a speed as will serve to cause the car to run declutched over it; but if the fell road-mender has been too generous, and the road-roller too neglectful, it is best to change right down to first speed, and then drive as slowly as possible over the awesome surface.

### An Aviation Show Tout Seul.

At last Aviation is to be honoured with an exhibition devoted entirely to its own interests. This Show, which will assuredly provoke a big attendance of spectators, is to be organised by the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders at Olympia in February next. In all previous exhibitions dealing, or purporting to deal, with aviation, the flying industry has had

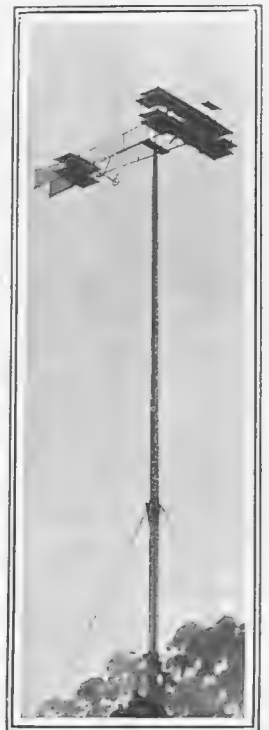
to share the building with marine exhibits. Like all British undertakings, the Show is to be run on international lines—a fair field and no-favour to all and sundry. So, as of yore, the British manufacturer will find himself once more up against the foreigner; but whether this is good for him or no, only he is in a position to say. I should imagine that by now something like a semblance of fatigue might be setting in. The all-give and no-take policy can be pushed too far, and it would be interesting to find one section of British manufacturers making an effort really to deserve their alleged reputation for insularity. At all events, as the Show is to be run on international lines, it will relieve many folks of the necessity of going to Paris in December.

### Paraffin Coming to Its Own.

Public interest in the probable substitution, or part-substitution, of paraffin for petrol has been greatly stimulated by the publication of the Report of the Technical Department of the Royal Automobile Club on the official trial of the Stewart-Morris paraffin carburetter, to which I referred briefly in my notes of last week. This carburetter was fitted to a 27.3-h.p. Pathfinder car, which during the trial in question was driven 2003 miles in all—1001 on the road, and 1002 on the Brooklands Track. The road speed averaged 19.8 miles per hour, and the track average was about 35 miles per hour. Consumption on the road was 20.91 miles per gallon, and on the track 21.59 miles per gallon. For starting and warming-up 1.05 gallons of petrol were used on the road, and 0.76 gallon at Brooklands. The engine was run for ten minutes on paraffin at 325 revolutions per minute, regularly and without misfiring, after which the engine accelerated regularly, also without misfiring. In the slow-speed test a speed of 6.14 miles per hour on top gear was reached, and then the car accelerated to 39.2 miles per hour in 51 sec. The car, weighing 1 ton 11 cwt. 3 qrs., climbed the Brooklands Test Hill at 11.16 miles per hour. The condition of the engine at the close of the trial was satisfactory.

### Detachable-Wheel Patents.

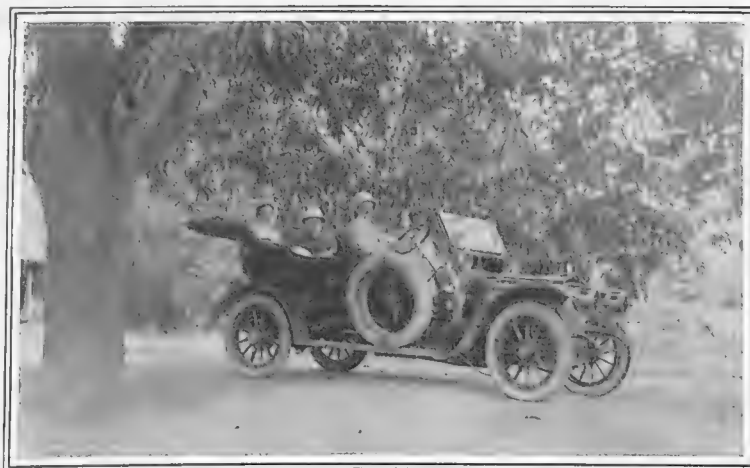
The detachable wheel has come so rapidly to its own that the ownership of a master-patent would have been a particularly valuable thing. Public favour is balanced pretty equally between detachable rims and detachable wheels, for as much can be urged in favour of one as of the other. If the weight of a detachable rim is kept down, as in the Captain, I think I should prefer it for all light to medium-weight cars, which are



THE VERY LATEST WEATHER-VANE: AN AEROPLANE IN PLACE OF THE TRADITIONAL COCK.

This weather-vane has been set up in a garden near Southampton, by a young carpenter.

Photograph by Cribb.



UNDER WHAT IS CLAIMED TO BE THE LARGEST MANGO-TREE IN CEYLON: A TALBOT CAR SOME FIFTEEN MILES FROM COLOMBO.

for the most part owner driven and tended; and the same owners, who do their own tyre-struggling, will appreciate the ease with which a new cover can be mounted on a Captain rim. But there is, of course, much to be said for the detachable wheel, as its admirers have lately been at pains to prove. And this brings me back to a statement I was about to make at the opening of this note. Messrs. Rudge-Whitworth, Ltd., write that formal notice of discontinuance of the action for their alleged infringement of patent No. 1248 of 1906 has been given, and that they are now taking further steps to protect their rights in their own well-known, greatly appreciated, and fully proved device.

[Continued on a later page.]

## ROYALTY WEARING THE GOWN: PREDECESSORS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE 'VARSITY.

THE Prince of Wales will find Oxford alive with traditions of his grandfather, King Edward VII., and of Prince Christian Victor, son of Prince and Princess Christian. Other royal memories at Oxford are few, except as to the patronage and visits of Sovereigns. It was not formerly the usual practice of Kings to send their sons to either University.

### King Edward's 'Varsity Days.

King Edward was the first of his line to study at Oxford, and, sad to say, he was led in after-life to aver that the time he had spent at Oxford and Cambridge had been a mistake. He was the victim of his father's high-pressure system of education, and he passively resisted the method, though far too dutiful a son openly to rebel. He went in state to Oxford, matriculated at Christ Church, lived at Frewen Hall, and submitted to a discipline so rigorous as to make him a sort of State prisoner. Goldwin Smith was his Professor of History, but waited upon him at his private residence, for the then Prince did not attend the ordinary lectures. And the Professor placed on record his fear that he sadly bored his future Sovereign, but added, "The King has always shown a kindly remembrance of his old preceptor." At Cambridge King Edward underwent a similar routine, in the company of friends specially chosen for him by his parents—a fatal plan for a high-spirited youth such as he was. One little incident enlivened his sojourn. Queen Victoria went down to visit him, and all the undergraduates assembled to meet her in the open. Rain had been falling, and she hesitated for a moment to step from her carriage on to the muddy ground. But an undergraduate whipped off his gown and laid it on the ground before her; the others followed his example, and she walked over a carpet of silk gowns the few steps that she had to make, doubtless remembering Queen Bess and Raleigh. The undergrad who spread the first gown was Waddington, who rowed in the Boat-Race, and afterwards became French Ambassador to Great Britain. Edinburgh and Germany appealed more to the future King Edward than the dull and deadly round to which he was submitted at the English Universities.

He was older and gained a little more freedom, and in Lyon Playfair, of Edinburgh, the man who made him plunge his hand into molten lead, he found a human scholar and a man after

his own heart. But he was never as happy over his University studies as was his brother, Prince Leopold, who matriculated as a member of Christ Church in 1872.



TRAVELLING BY AIR—AND WIRE—IN TYROL: A NEW MOUNTAIN "RAILWAY" ON THE KOHLERER, NEAR BOZEN.

The line—constructed by Messrs. Adolf Bleichert and Co., of Leipzig and London—starts behind a bridge on the Eisack and runs over twelve strong iron supports to the top of the Bauerkohlern. The difference in level between the two stations is about 2755 feet, and the length of the line about 5250 feet. Each of the cars, which are equipped with numerous catch, brake, and safety appliances, will carry sixteen persons. Strong double-steel wire ropes serve as track, and double traction ropes, which are electrically driven from the upper station, are used as propelling medium.

Christ Church, Oxford, and was formally announced to the College by dear old Max Müller, in these terms, "The short name of the Prince is, His Highness Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-

The Duke of Clarence at Cambridge.

Coming nearer our own time, we have seen the late Duke of Clarence and the late Prince Christian Victor both at the Universities. King George's elder brother was at Trinity College, Cambridge, where (*pace* Mr. Oscar Browning) something of the same over-anxiety that had been displayed in the case of his father was exhibited in the 'Varsity career of the Duke. Instead of residing, as his father had, at Madingley Hall, Prince Albert Victor had rooms in Trinity College, where he was encircled by discreetly selected friends. He escaped the gold tassel with which his father had been hall-marked, and he sat for no examinations, but he was debarred from much of the life of the University which makes undergraduate days memorable in after-years. Still, he was a member of the A.D.C., and was present at its performances; he frequented the University concerts, joined the 'Varsity Rifle Volunteers, rowed a little, played hockey, and had his modest dinner-parties. Later, he could sincerely write to an intimate: "I think, taking it all round, we had a very delightful time, and the two years spent there went by like lightning." But throughout his two years at Cambridge there was a suggestion of restraint and supervision from which Prince Edward, it is understood, is to be free.

Prince Christian Victor at "the House."

Prince Christian Victor really got more joy out of University life than did any of his relatives. He was a scholar of



RELIGION AND THE MOTOR-CAR IN ST. PETERSBURG: THE SERVICE BEFORE THE START OF THE INTERNATIONAL COMPETITION FOR HEAVY MOTORS.

Our correspondent writes: "The International Competition, in which many English and French firms were represented, took place in the presence of the Russian War Minister, General Suchomlinoff. According to Russian custom, a religious service took place before the start of the competition.—[Photograph by Record Press.]

gentleman among gentlemen. "We are more like a house at school," he said, "for everyone knows everyone else. His greatest day at Oxford was when he had W. G. Grace to breakfast.

Holstein. His full name, which it is wished should be entered on the registers of the College and University, is His Highness Christian Victor Albert Ludwig Ernest Anton, Heir to Norway, Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, Stormann, and the Dithmarsches, and of Oldenburg." In five-and-twenty minutes he met men who shortened considerably even the "short" title mentioned by the Professor. He was a simple



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

**That Polite Stranger.**

Some years ago I found myself, one radiant May morning, sitting under some shady trees in one of the queerest villages imaginable. It seemed but a strip of street in a long green valley surrounded by towering, bare, rocky mountains. There were queer, Eastern-looking shops, a handful of low white buildings with green shutters, and the sound of the thrumming *guzla* came faintly from the open door of a tavern. Majestic-looking men, their belts stuck full of pistols and daggers, with rakish caps, top boots, and embroidered caftans, lounged about, looking always in the direction of a gap in the mountains towards the East. Hardly a woman was to be seen. In the distance, just outside the church, a well-set-up man, in the national costume, was seated on a cane chair, and to him came many persons, bowing low; while some, kneeling on one knee, offered a scroll of parchment to the seated figure. Clearly, a person of weight and note and authority. Yet no sooner did this personage perceive our little group beneath the trees of the public square than he jumped on to the horse which an orderly was holding, and galloped across, saluting us, military fashion, and asked, in excellent French, if we were Austrians or English, whence we had come, and how long we were going to stay. Nothing could be more courteous or more sympathetic than the demeanour of this stranger, who urged us to visit some spot in the neighbourhood where, as he assured us, there was to be, the next day, *une jolie fête*. Afterwards we heard that the polite warrior was the reigning Sovereign of the country. Nicholas is now King of Montenegro, and this urbane person, from that picturesque village called Cetinje, has just put a match to a gunpowder magazine and started a European war.



"I LOVE YOU IN VELVET",  
A WALKING-COSTUME.

The above is a walking-costume in black velvet, with revers and strappings of black satin, and a white-leather belt ornamented with applications of black patent leather. The buttons are green and black.

which folks had gone mad on speed, and thought little of losing their lives if they could only save five minutes. For it is, curiously enough, the individuals with most leisure who are at vast pains to "kill time," who are most anxious to hurry hither and thither at forty miles an hour. When they arrive at their destination, breathless, dishevelled, and dusty, they have nothing to do but sit down and discuss the rate at which they have come. It is a veritable mania which possesses us to-day for rushing through space, and it may possibly be set down, by future historians, as a kind of cerebral epidemic, like the Dancing Sickness of the Middle Ages, or the Persecution for Witchcraft of a later date. Meantime the victims are perishing daily, and yet few suggest any alteration of speed-limits—possibly because it is just the class which legislates for us which is chiefly attacked by motoritis. Certainly there is charm in speed; but if it is to be achieved only by slaughtering (chiefly) the rising generation, one wonders if we are doing wisely in indulging this pleasant vice.

**To Starve or Vote.**

I am relieved to see that Miss Mary Gawthorpe's suggestion that sympathisers with the Suffragists must starve in order to vote has met with scant response. I do not see why a considerable portion of humanity should inflict permanent injury upon themselves because a Government has shown itself perfidious. Some of us would prefer that recalcitrant Man should suffer the torments of hunger and thirst rather than that the women-folk should go on enduring these horrors. For you cannot injure women physically or mentally without injuring the Race. Better that a Cabinet Minister or two should go empty and grow

lean than that the mothers or the future mothers of Englishmen should ruin their digestive apparatus. Instead of abstaining from nutritive food themselves, it would be more sensible to attack Man at his weakest point, and organise a domestic revolution during which no dinners—or only bad dinners—would be supplied to those Cabinet Ministers, Members of Parliament, editors, publicists, and all influential persons who have betrayed, retarded, or opposed the Cause. It needs no special vision to see what dismay such a proceeding would cause in the enemy's camp, and how a regimen of insufficient food, or even of tough steaks and watery vegetables, would unnerve the stoutest of our opponents. At any rate, I offer the suggestion for what it is worth. As for the womenfolk, it behoves them to keep a stout heart, and this cannot be done on the regimen of the saints and visionaries.

Mrs. Zelia Nuttall's discovery of documents throwing new light on the career of Sir Francis Drake is a notable achievement of feminine scholarship. This learned lady could not have chosen a more opportune moment to spring her most interesting announcement on the British public than at the present time, when we are all going to see Drake as represented in the flesh at His Majesty's. Sir Herbert Tree ought to be grateful to Mrs. Nuttall for giving him a glorious advertisement, and the actor playing the doughty Admiral will feel that he carries about in his person some new footnotes to history. Mrs. Nuttall is a distinguished American archæologist who has for some years been digging among Mexican antiquities and the cheerful records of the Inquisition in the National Palace of the City of Mexico, and in various libraries in America, Spain, and Italy, as well as in the British Museum and the Record Office. Her first discovery of information about Drake was purely accidental; but she followed it up by tracing a number of other documents, dated between 1578 and 1583. Her collection numbers sixty-one in all, and Mrs. Nuttall has generously presented them to the Hakluyt Society, before which she lectured in London on her discovery the other day. The Society is to publish her book on the subject early next year, and its appearance will be awaited with great interest. An account of her lecture appeared in the *Times* of the 10th.



"IN GLOSS OF SATIN AND SHIMMER OF PEARLS",  
TWO EVENING GOWNS.

The left-hand gown is made of satin the colour of light tortoiseshell, the skirt opening over Ninon of the same shade. The bodice is Ninon and satin, with a transparent guimpe of tulle and lace, laid over rose-coloured material. Bead trimming is on the shoulders and the bodice-front. The right-hand gown is of white satin, slightly draped and opening over a rose-coloured underskirt, which is embroidered and fringed with small pearls and gold beads. The tunic is of white tulle, with a rose-coloured lining and embroidered with silk and gold beads.

## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

*The Next Settlement begins on Oct. 23.*

## MARKETS AND WAR.

THE declaration of war has naturally been the chief influence on the Stock Markets during the last week, while the monetary position has done nothing to help matters, so it is hardly surprising to find that prices in nearly every instance show declines. These have, of course, been greater among the issues of those companies directly affected. Montenegrin bonds are some 16 points lower; Turkish Unified are 8 points down; while losses varying between two and nine points are shown by the issues of Austria, Bulgaria, and Servia.

The position in London was sound enough at the time of the declaration of war, but there was rather a large speculative account open on the Continent. In Paris, for instance, the recent gambling in Russian Industrials received a check, and many securities in which there is a free market had to be sold in order to find money to pay differences. Much the same position existed in St. Petersburg, and the selling of Canadian Pacifics from Berlin told its own tale.

The depression reached its height on Saturday, and evidently the Continent takes a much more gloomy view of the situation than does the Market here, where it is thought that lack of funds and the rigours of the Balkan climate will bring the trouble to a speedy end. But undoubtedly the greater part of the selling has been due to over-speculation on the Continent. London has been inundated with selling orders, and a certain amount of nervousness has naturally been apparent among operators over here, as is evidenced by the falls which have taken place among Home Rails and Home securities in general.

It is clear that the markets must be in a very unsettled condition for the next week or two, but we think a better tone will prevail as the public become more used to the new conditions; and as soon as the first pressure to sell is relieved there should be a moderate recovery all round. Meanwhile it is a splendid opportunity for buyers who have the pluck—and the money—to come in and take the cheap stock of the market.

## KERN RIVER.

The accounts of the Kern River Oilfields for the year ending May 31 last must make most dismal reading for anyone interested in the Company. The net profit amounts to £27,800, of which £18,900 has been written off against depreciation of machinery; £2900 has been transferred to development account, and so on, but no distribution is possible.

Now that the reduction of the capital by half has been sanctioned, there seems to be some possibility of better things in the future: the Company, at any rate, will have £170,000 in liquid assets, which is important.

There are at present 235 wells, of which 111 are operated by electricity, and a lease has been acquired over about 1000 acres to the north of the Santa Maria Oilfield, and prospecting work is to begin as soon as possible.

## THE UNITED RAILWAYS OF HAVANA.

The Report issued by this Company last week made a most satisfactory showing, for in addition to the increase in the dividend from 4 to 4½ per cent., the net profit shown amounts to £153,820 more than during the previous year. Gross earnings were £192,000 higher at £1,414,792, but working expenses, at £774,250 show an increase of only £43,502. The position revealed, therefore, is distinctly promising. The directors have taken a very conservative course in the disposal of the additional profit, as the increased dividend absorbs only £29,300; £75,000 goes to Reserve Account, £50,000 to Renewals Reserve, and £10,000 to the Insurance fund.

The Market appears to have been quite satisfied with the announcement, but the Ordinary stock can now be bought at 88, which includes the full dividend just declared, and the yield therefore works out at about 5 3-8 per cent., and there appears every reason to think that the stock will be established on a 5 per cent. basis before very long. It is, of course, early days as yet to make any forecast for the current year, but traffics since July have been making a good showing—the gross increase amounting to £42,000—and the sugar crop outlook is good.

We therefore feel sure that those who purchase the stock at its present price as a speculative investment will have little cause to regret their bargain.

## ANGLO-CONTINENTAL.

We should think the public were getting pretty sick of Anglo-Continental Mines and all its works. For a long while past news of some sort has been awaited as to the Jemaa lode, and the shares had recently risen on rumours of favourable developments. Mr. Rumbold's Report made its appearance last week, preceded, as is usually the case with bad news in this Company, by heavy selling of the shares, and the document makes a wretched showing.

No further work is recommended on the South Jemaa; and although fair samples were obtained from Central Jemaa, Mr. Rumbold does not consider it has proved any profitable ore.

It must be noted, however, that the inspection only occupied two days, so there is always the possibility that the future holds more surprises in store.

## THE GLOBE AND PHOENIX.

The Board of the Globe and Phoenix Gold Mining Company last week declared a second interim dividend of 1s. 9d. per share, making 3s. 6d. to date against 4s. last year. It will be remembered that, at the end of last month, the directors announced that they would defer the payment of this dividend until all danger owing to the shortage of water was past, although they had previously expressed the opinion that the drought would not inconvenience them. This trouble is now apparently considered to be over, and the dividend is to be paid.

With regard to the general outlook, we do not take a very optimistic view, as the only fact which seems certain is that the grade of the ore shows some reduction. The labour position is said to be improving, and the directors hope it will continue to do so; and there is also a possibility of a reduction in working costs when the new sands plant is in operation. Only the future can tell whether these hopes will be realised.

The history of the mine is not one to inspire confidence either in the Board or the future, as the property has been the cause of so many sensations in the Mining Market, and the subject of so many expert reports and special investigations. Among other complaints, not the least serious is the leakage of information which appears to exist. The announcement of any unfavourable developments is always preceded by heavy selling. The postponement of the dividend was no exception to the rule.

The shares stand at a lower price than they did a few months ago, and it is quite possible that there may be an advance; but in view of the above facts, we think the shares are far better left alone.

## ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

## The Stock Exchange.

The other day a broker received an order from Paris to sell £80,000 stock, the name of which it seems hardly fair to mention, in which, ordinarily, there exists a very free market and a close price. At the time the order came through, the market was flat and narrow. This the broker tested, by trying to deal in a fiver, and the price made to him was sufficient indication of what would happen if he opened his mouth in ten or twenty thousand.

What would you have done in circumstances like these? The order was to sell at best, and it had got to be carried out, somehow. The broker might have replied that it was impossible to execute so big a sale on such a day, but he didn't.

Knowing his business, the broker went to a large financial house of world-wide reputation—wrong; it wasn't Rothschild's—and asked to see the senior partner, whom he knew personally, on a matter of urgent business. At the interview, the broker laid his cards on the table. "I know you're interested in this concern. What sort of a bid will you make me for eighty thousand stock?"

The financier asked the market price. He considered half-a-minute, and then offered five points under the quotation mentioned by the broker. "Right; sell you eighty," said the broker, who, as before observed, knew his business, which means that he could appreciate a reasonable bid.

That eighty thousand stock will come into the House gradually, and will probably show the courageous buyer a splendid profit, because it happens to be good stock. Had one half of it been indiscreetly sold, the market would have not only broken badly, but would have well-nigh "dried up" in that direction. Speaking from the purely selfish standpoint, I'm rather sorry it didn't come in, because I happened to be a bear of that stock. But, impersonally and impartially, my opinion is that the broker did excellently for his client, and that he fully earned the hundred pounds which his eighth per cent. commission came to on the deal.

Of course, as everybody says, a slump offers magnificent opportunities for picking up good stock at cheap prices, but the worst of it is that most people don't keep a lot of loose money lying at the bank, and so they are hardly in a position to take advantage of a fall which lowers their own securities like everything else. You may covet Tintos to take up as an investment at this price, but there isn't much catch in selling something else at a loss in order to buy the Rios. Possibly you consider that Tintos will recover to a greater extent than your own present investment, but human nature hates cutting a loss when it feels that in the ordinary course of events the price will rally, and that it is only under the stress of unusual circumstances that it has given way. The consequence is that you do nothing at all; hundreds—yes, thousands—of other people follow the same path, and then, when Rios—to keep to our original example—begin to recover, we are all virtuously and indignantly pathetic at the rise having taken place without our making anything out of it, when we knew, we felt, we had the instinct, it grew into our minds, et cetera, et cetera, that the price of Rio Tintos was unduly, very absurdly, depressed, and that a big reaction was absolutely certain to come.

There is a good deal of human nature in brokers, as well as in clients. As to jobbers—but perhaps we had better not indulge in rash speculations in these markets.

By the way, do you know anything about the raw rubber market? You do? So do I. That's rather odd, isn't it. Because then you will have noticed that the known supplies of the world's rubber have just shrunk, for the first time in several years, to rather less than a thousand tons. These visible supplies have come down steadily from something like three thousand tons to about 960 tons. The consumers are thoroughly well organised: they act in concert that is almost unanimous. And they

[Continued on page 61.]

## THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

### Royal Relations in the War.

The Crown Princess of Montenegro, known as Princess Militza—the name given to her when she became a member of the Orthodox Greek Church—was Duchess Jutta of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, second cousin to our Queen. Her grandmother is the Dowager Grand Duchess, to whom the Queen and Princess Mary so recently paid a visit. Princess Militza, in her girlhood, spent her seasons in London regularly. She was here with her husband when he represented King Nicholas at the Coronation. The Queen of Italy is, of course, the daughter of King Nicholas. Another of the Montenegrin Princesses is the wife of Prince Henry of Battenberg's brother-in-law, Prince Francis Joseph of Battenberg, uncle to the Queen of Spain. Two Montenegrin Princesses are wives of Russian Grand Dukes. The Crown Prince of Greece is first cousin to our King; Prince Andrew of Greece is married to the elder daughter of Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg; and Prince Nicholas is the husband of the only daughter of the late Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia. She is first cousin to the Tsar. The only daughter of King

Peter of Servia is the wife of a Russian Prince. King Ferdinand of Bulgaria is cousin to Queen Amélie of Portugal, and to the Duc d'Orléans, head of the French royalist house; he also was brother-in-law to Princess Louise of Belgium, who was the wife of Prince Philip of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and is the heroine of many lawsuits, one of them a divorce. Through his father, the King of Bulgaria is related to our royal family. Should Roumania be drawn in, we must remember that

the Crown Princess is first cousin to our King. All these royal personages have close relations immediately concerned in the war.

### See Our Hats as Others See Them.

many weeks. Scott's, the well-known ladies' and gentlemen's hatters, 1, Old Bond Street, have issued a charmingly illustrated booklet of some of the models of their autumn hats. These are suitable for the country or the moors, or for not very dressy occasions in town. They are in felt and velours of finest quality; several very smart models have been specially prepared in the firm's own workrooms. A selection will gladly be sent on approval to any address; while if a lady in town cannot manage to visit the show-rooms, one of Scott's experienced assistants will be sent to wait on her. The booklet is most complete—giving picture, description, and price of each hat; also its name by which it can be ordered. It is a useful guide to know how a hat looks on another head; one's own often appears strangely unfamiliar under the influence of new headgear. This capital guide to hat-purchasing will be sent free to anyone writing to Messrs. Scott for it.

**Safely Suspended.** Not a flying-machine, only the harmless necessary stocking. Most of us experience from time to time the disconcertingly audible crack which

announces that the suspender has struck work. Later comes the anxiety as to up-keep of the stocking. No longer need either trouble us. The manufacturers of the celebrated "Sphere Suspenders" have, after long and close attention to the subject, produced a webbing



MARRIED ON THE 10TH: MRS. H. R. TOLLEMACHE (FORMERLY MISS ETHEL IRWIN) AND MR. H. R. TOLLEMACHE.

Mrs. H. R. Tollemache was known before her marriage, which took place at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street, on the 10th, as Miss Ethel M. Irwin. She is the only child of the late Mr. John Irwin, of Belmont, Mullingar, and of Mrs. Burgh Turner, and step-daughter to Captain W. F. Burgh Turner, late of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. Mr. Henry Robert Tollemache is the younger son of the late Hon. Hamilton Tollemache, a son of the first Lord Tollemache. He was born in 1888.—[Photographs by Kate Fraquell.]

strong enough to withstand the heavy and sustained strain put on suspenders. It is called "Hurculastic," and will outlast an unusually strong pair of corsets. It will be eagerly welcomed by women, not only for the saving of expenditure that it effects, but also because of the assurance of no disconcerting snapping. Hurculastic suspenders have the "grip that grips and never slips." Much interesting information on this subject will be found in a booklet, "The Evolution of the Suspender," which will be sent free on application to the Sphere Suspender Company, Leicester.

**Won by a Tongue.** The American who thought to score off the Scotchman by stating that a race was won only because the winner put his tongue out passing the post, and that it was the closest race ever seen, was considerably taken aback when his Scotch friend replied, "Na, na, maun; I ken a closer race than that." "Where?" said the incredulous American. "Aw, juist at hame in Scotland"; and the American saw it without surgical aid. There seems to be a certain inclination to follow the example of the closer race in these days. No doubt it is, not altogether a bad example; but when two ladies take ten minutes discussing the purchase of a box of pins at 7½d., and finally depart without it because the saleswoman declares her inability to knock off the halfpenny, it may be followed too far. Anyway, the saleswoman won by her tongue, for she said softly and sweetly as the customers turned away, in the accents of the North of Tweed, less marked than theirs, but unmistakable: "The pins have come out of yer placket-hole; maybe they're the kind ye get at 7d.!"



THE SHOW-GIRL OF THE COSTUMIER: A PARADE OF MANNEQUINS AT HARROD'S.

The photograph represents some of the delightful models displayed at Harrod's on the occasion of their grand season's show of fashions, held last week.—[Photograph by Campbell-Gray.]

*Continued from page 62.*

are Out for Cheap Rubber; that's why they let the price of the raw stuff keep on dwindling and dwindling at every fortnightly auction-sale at Mincing Lane.

What of the producers?

To begin with, remember that there are two or three, or four hundred companies producing rubber, and wanting to sell it. Not many boards would have the courage to tell their shareholders that the rubber was being hoarded up until such time as the price might improve. Without general consent, they would not dare do such a thing. And to obtain unanimity amongst the very many rubber-producers is a matter of extraordinary difficulty. Even amongst the Mincing Lane groups there exists a vast amount of jealousy and ill-will, which militates against concerted action, such as that taken by the consumers. But, allowing for all this, the statistical position of the raw rubber market is so strong that one is forced to the conclusion that a rise in the price of the stuff is inevitable before long. If you want to have a finger in the pie, lay in a few Rubber Trusts. There is a little concern, too, called Pelepah Valley, whose florin shares are cheap at three-and-ninepence. And Malayalams—don't overlook them—the Company is doing splendidly. It's a bit of a waiting game of course, but then, so is everything else, just now. You have got to be prepared to take up shares and sit on them for a bit, if necessary. Rather singular, though, to notice how comparatively firm the Rubber Market has been, at its lower levels, during the crisis in the Balkans.

The bullish argument for Yankees is that the war will put up wheat prices—a start has been made already—and that for every available bushel there will be eager demand, with the necessary sequel of bumper traffics for the railroads. The bears take up their position on the fact that the markets all round are at present dominated more by finance than by politics, and that the troubles in Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and other Continental centres will call for the employment of the money that had been set aside for the purposes of supporting American Rails. Both views may correctly diagnose the outlook; and if this is so, it means temporary depression for the market, to be succeeded by a fresh outburst of bullish energy when, as we love to say, things settle down. If things only would settle down with the same regularity that we are obliged to settle up, it might be, dear my reader, that you would not have had to wade through the above-and-aforesaid of

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

SAMUEL ALLSOPP AND SONS.

The details of the scheme proposed by the Debenture-holders' committee for the reorganisation of this Company made their appearance last week. Under the proposed scheme the capital is to be drastically written down—to about one half, in fact. The First-Debenture-holders are to receive a further issue of Debentures in lieu of arrears of interest, but in return they agree to the issue of not more than £700,000 prior lien bonds, which are to rank in front of their security. This appears to be the only way in which the necessary funds could be raised.

The  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. Debenture-holders are to receive 60 per cent. in new 5 per cent. Preference shares, and the Income-Debenture-holders 10 per cent. in the same issue, together with 25 per cent. in new Ordinary shares; while the holders of Ordinary shares and unsecured creditors of the Company will receive a small percentage of new Ordinary shares.

It is impossible to give more than the rough outline of the scheme, but on the whole it seems a fair one, especially as the security of the junior Debenture-holders is protected to some extent by the rights of the new Preference shares in the event of a liquidation.

The First-Debenture-holders are pretty sure to accept the scheme, and probably the other parties would be wise to do so as well.

Saturday, Oct. 12, 1912.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.*

*Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.*

**ANXIOUS (Co. Cork).**—The position of the Standard Bank of South Africa is rapidly improving, and we think you will see a gradual appreciation in the shares during the next year or two. Many investors, however, object to shares with a liability.

**CAREW.**—Zaaiplats Tin. We cannot recommend a purchase. The rich deposits are nearly exhausted, and unless a new lode is discovered, shareholders will not receive anything like their money back at the present price.

**HUMBER.**—(1) Certainly, the scheme is a good one; (2) A good speculative investment; (3) The general opinion is favourable, but we are rather doubtful; (4) Probably; (5) We don't like the Report; the shares are a poor holding.

**NERO.**—The security you mention is all right; but why put all the eggs into one basket? We suggest you should put some of the money into Chilean Northern Railway Debentures, and Leopoldina Pref., and the new Chinese Loan.

**TRACKER.**—(1) The position is not very satisfactory, as the Company is not earning enough to meet interest on the bonds, and the Revolution still goes on. We consider you are taking a great risk in holding, and suggest you should sell part, at least, on the first favourable opportunity. (2) We will make some more inquiries and answer next week.

**TUDOR.**—(a) The shares are not quoted, and we don't think they will ever be worth anything; (b) Should be sold.

**T. W. (Purston).**—Randfontein South paid 15 per cent. in 1910, but was amalgamated with Randfontein Central in 1911. If you are in doubt you had better write to the Secretary of the Central Company at 30, St. Swithin's Lane, E.C.



#### EXTRACT FROM A RECENT TESTIMONIAL.

"Some time ago I was so weak I could hardly raise a cup to my lips. Since taking two small bottles of Phosferine I have received six months for shop-lifting."

# Dunn & Co's



POSTAL DEPT. DUNN & CO. 54 & 55, OXFORD ST. LONDON, W.

## NEW MODEL N°21

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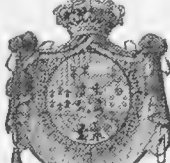
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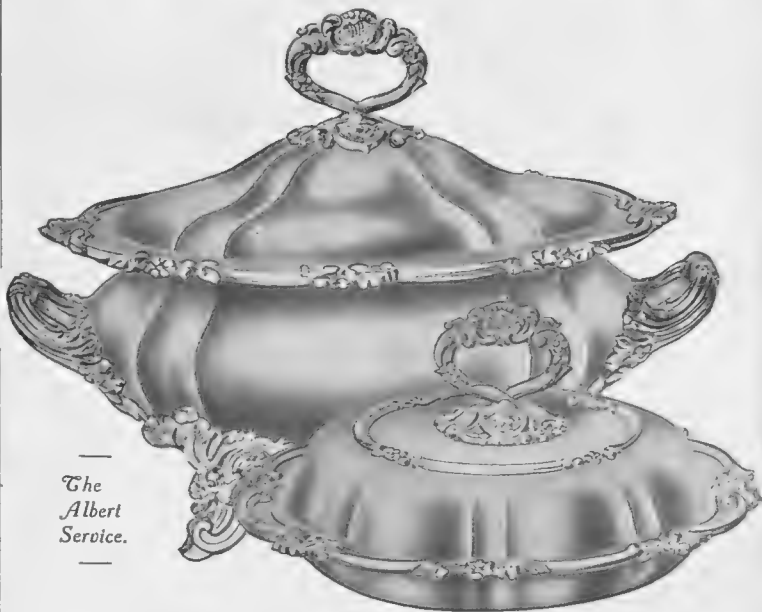


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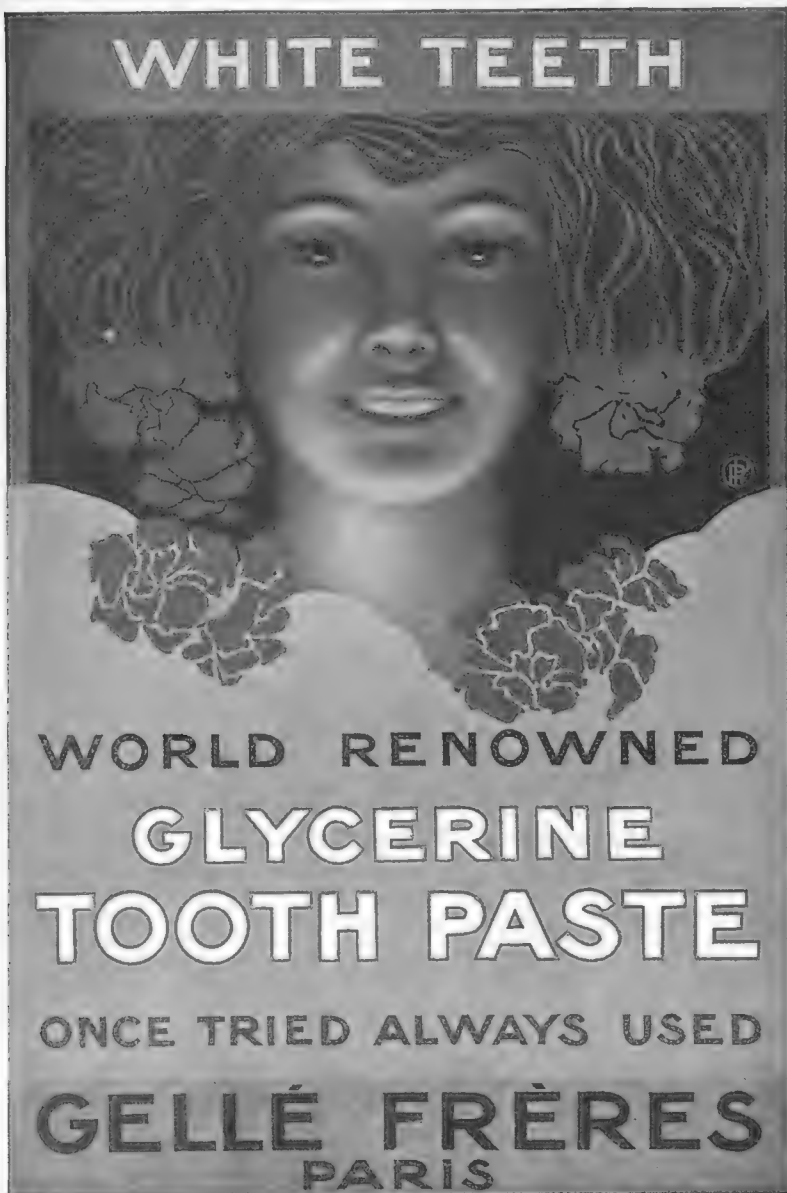
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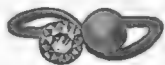
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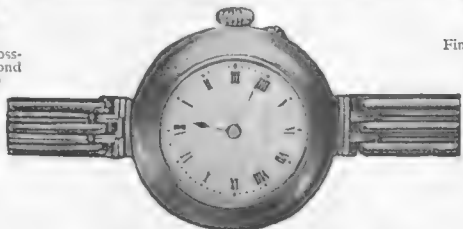
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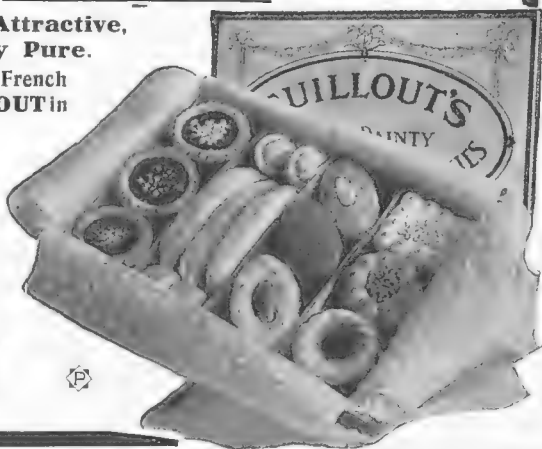
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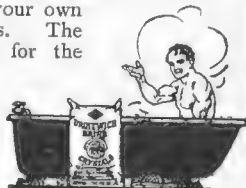
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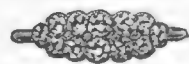


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which offer exceptional advantages to its clients. While its "Ordinary Accident Policy" ensures the payment of £1000 in the event of death from this cause, with £6 per week during total, and £1 10s. a week during partial disablement, for an annual payment of £4, the aptly named "Leader Policy" is a departure which has already attracted an enormous amount of attention throughout the whole kingdom. Indeed, it has jumped almost at a bound into a wide if not unexpected popularity, for the public is never slow to recognise and take advantage of exceptional facilities in insurance when they are offered at a reasonable rate.

The Leader Policy is a combination of insurance against accident and sickness, and gives compensation for disablement caused by any one of fifty diseases. It possesses other important advantages, for it also ensures substantial annuities in case of permanent total disablement by accident or blindness, or paralysis by disease, and it gives the insured the privilege of travelling abroad without increase of premium. This sum is doubled in the case of an accident to a passenger-lift, or train, tram-car, omnibus, or other licensed vehicle plying for hire in which the insured is travelling as a passenger, or in case of death or injury in a burning building. It is no wonder, therefore, that it has practically ousted the purely Accident Policy from popular favour. The premium for a Leader Policy for £1000 at death, and weekly benefits as in the Ordinary Accident Policy, is only £7 a year, but larger or smaller insurances can be arranged at proportionate rates. This premium is reduced to those who maintain their insurance for five years, while the value of the policies is gradually increased by bonuses until the original sums insured in case of death or loss of limb or eye by accident are increased by fifty per cent.

For those who desire a still wider insurance to protect themselves against practically any disease and any accident mortal man may

prospectus to the public. Its income from premiums that year amounted to less than £2500. In 1911, the income from the same source had reached the colossal sum of £1,833,002. In other words, in forty years, the insurance premiums had multiplied themselves over seven hundred times.

As it developed the Company absorbed others or amalgamated them with itself, thus extending the sphere of its usefulness and enlarging the scope of its activities. It was probably with the passing of the Workmen's Compensation Act in 1897 that the "Ocean's" extraordinary development began. Successful as it had been up to then, the particularly advantageous rates it offered to secure the business of employers whose liabilities were largely increased by the provisions of the Act gave it such a boom that its income rose to nearly three-quarters of a million sterling in that year. Three years later, in 1901, it had the distinction of showing, for the first time in the history of accident insurance, an income from premiums of over £1,000,000. That sum, as has been shown, is now on the high-road to being doubled.

If it is asked why the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation has made such enormous strides in so short a time—out-distancing its competitors, so that it might well claim to have no rivals, but only imitators—the answer could be given in the following single sentence. It has always been the unfailing policy of the Directors to meet all just claims with liberality and promptness.

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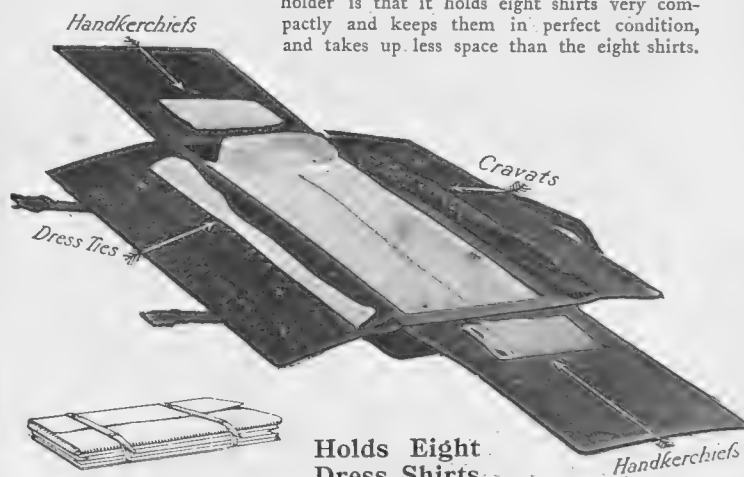
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## THE WHEEL AND THE WING.

(Continued.)

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**Motor-Cyclists Up!** Although motor-car owners may be thankful for the small mercy that the Committee appointed by the Treasury to investigate the question of the rating of motor-cars for taxation purposes came to the conclusion that the R.A.C. rating should be upheld, and that things should remain as they are, motor-cyclists do not appear to be in similar case. In the tail of their report—the sting is always in the tail—the Committee recommended that all motor-cycles should be taxed on the basis of motor-car taxation. This proposal has caused the greatest indignation in motor-cycling circles, inasmuch as a monster petition, engineered by the *Motor Cycle*, is now under signature. In a suggested letter to Parliamentary representatives, it is pointed out that motor-cyclists as a class are already taxed to excess. It is shown that if a man owning a motor-bicycle worth £50 drives it 6000 miles in a year, he uses approximately 60 gallons of spirit, and so pays, at present, £2 5s. in taxes, or 4½ per cent per annum on the value of his machine. This is contrasted with the tax of 15s. paid for a dog-cart and with the percentage of the car-tax.

### A Fine 2½ Ratio Top-Speed Run.

As far back as the middle of September, at least between the 16th and 21st of that month, a 59.9 h.p. six-cylinder Napier was driven from London to Edinburgh on its top gear. I am only now enabled to refer to it, as the certificate is but just to hand from the R.A.C., whose official supervised the trip. The chronicler must in all such

cases hold his peace until the firm has issued from the secret places of Pall Mall, or something horrible "with boiling oil in it" happens to the unfortunates concerned. The Napier car in question, which weighed in all 2 tons 8 cwt. 12 lb., with a top-speed gear-ratio of a shade less than 2½ to 1, covered the total distance of 796 miles on its top speed at an average consumption of one gallon of petrol to every 27.65 miles covered, and this with a six-cylinder engine having cylinders 127 mm. (5 in.) in bore, and similar dimensions of stroke. The speed attained over the flying mile at Brooklands upon the completion of the journey was 75.69 miles per hour.

### A Fine Four-Cylinder Feat.

It is remarkable that the top-gear run made by a four-cylinder Pathfinder from London to Land's End, thence to John o' Groat's and back to London—a total distance of 1934½ miles, to be exact—has received so little attention in the Press generally. One must first realise that the only other car that has accomplished this feat was propelled by an engine of six cylinders. On the other hand, the Pathfinder was an ordinary 27.3-h.p. chassis, carrying an ordinary four-seated touring-body, the bore and stroke of the engine being 105 mm. (4 1-8 in.) and 133 mm. (5 3-16 in.) respectively. The run was carried out under appalling weather conditions; and the car concerned, it is stated, had already covered some 7000 miles on English roads. When the fearsome climb of the northern slope of Berriedale, on the journey south, was tackled, the car, owing to the howling gale ahead prevailing at the time, made six unsuccessful attempts to scale the hill, but (luck in numbers) succeeded quite gallantly on the seventh.

### Serious Fuel Trials.

It is at least reassuring to learn that the proposals put forward by the Petrol and Technical Committees of the Royal Automobile Club have been adopted by the Club, and that arrangements will forthwith be made for trials of liquid, solid, and gaseous fuels, usable in internal-combustion engines, as fitted to both commercial and pleasure vehicles. It is not to be presumed at the outset that the results of these trials, whatever they may be, are likely to prove a solution of the dear-fuel difficulty; particularly with regard to the liquid and gaseous fuels. In the matter of solid fuels, however, something of value may materialise. I referred some time since to an engine of 2½-h.p., which had been run successfully and continuously with gas, self-made from triturated coal. It is to be hoped that the talented young inventor-scientist responsible for this engine will have something yet more perfect and suitable to submit to the Experimental Committee to be appointed by the R.A.C.



## OPENING OF N.A.G. LONDON SHOWROOMS.

The British N.A.G. Motor Co., Limited, have pleasure in announcing that they have opened extensive showrooms at No. 4, Great Marlborough Street, W., where the 1913 Models are on view. Chassis prices from £250. Immediate Delivery of Several Models.

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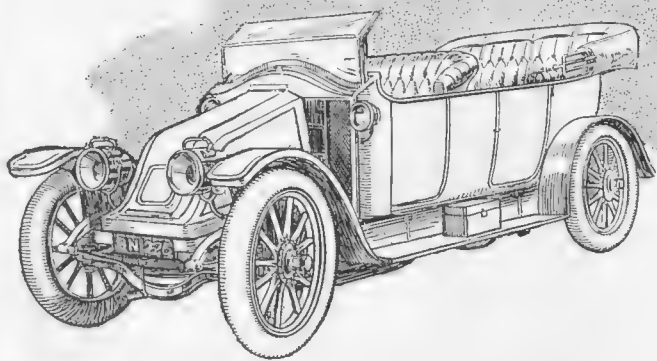
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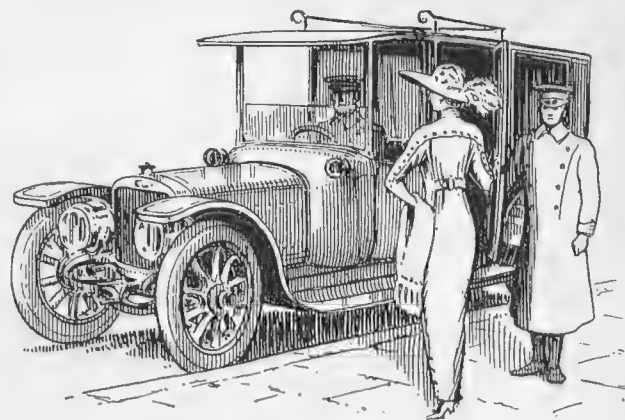
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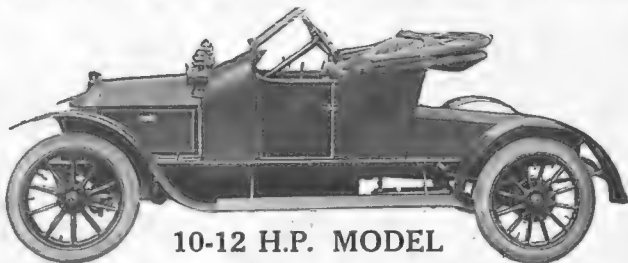
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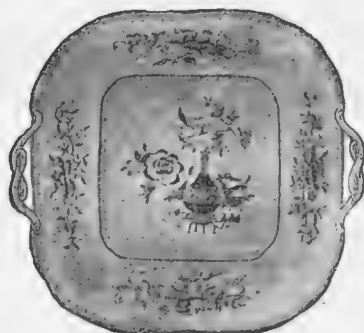
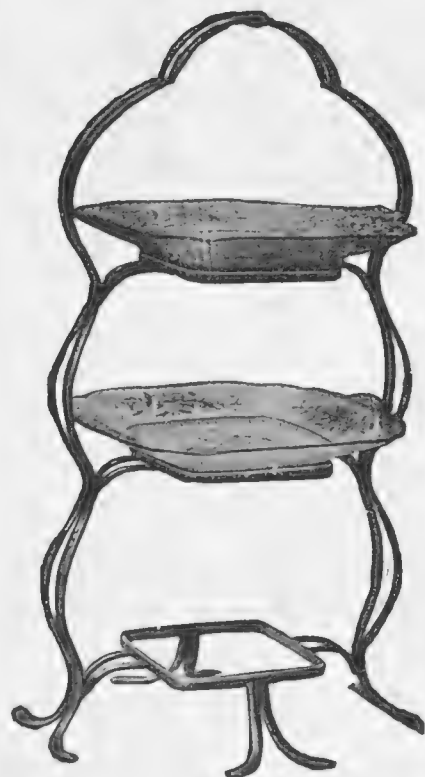
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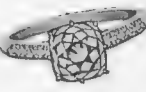
## CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with Miss Trehawke Davies in Pilot Poses; Miss Lillah McCarthy; the Ghost; Miss Madge Lessing; the Guitar-Player; the Ideal; Galatea; Miss Gertie Millar; Mlle. Monna Delza; "Marcelle."

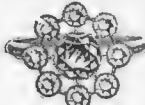
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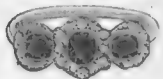
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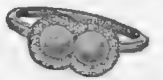
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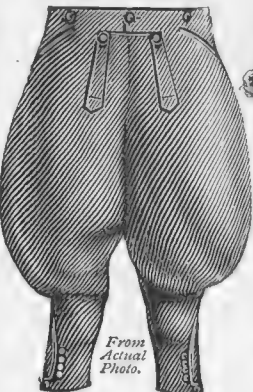

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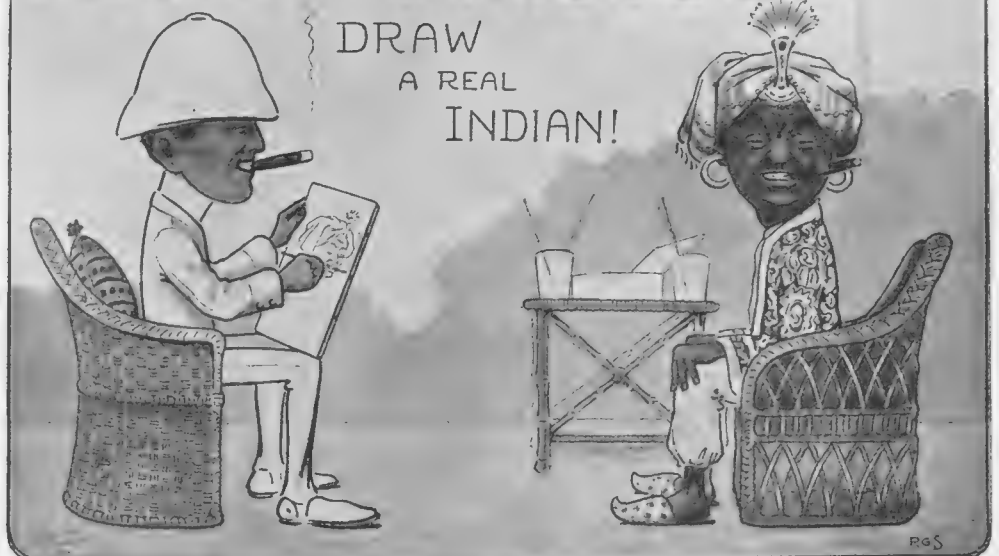
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## THE KINGS OF THE BALKAN LEAGUE.

IN America they would be called the Big Four, these Kings of the four tiny Powers which constitute the Balkan League. They are a curiously assorted quartet, not at all the sort of combination that we should expect to find associated in a crisis so grave. Nicholas of Montenegro, with his three score years and eleven, is a man from a book or a picture, a man who is a poet singing of love and sun-kissed mirth, but who fights what he hopes is the good fight with all the ardour of a mediæval Crusader. King George of Greece is a quiet and courteous gentleman, as kindly and gentle a soul as we should expect Queen Alexandra's brother to be. Though he has known the anguish of a stricken field, he is infinitely more of scholar and diplomatist than warrior.

Tsar Ferdinand of Bulgaria is not beloved. As a vassal of the Sultan he schemed against his master, they say, with Greece, Russia, Austria, even with Germany—and possibly was justified by results, for he has metamorphosed Bulgaria. Perhaps it is because he is regarded as one of the acutest diplomatists in Europe that the ex-lieutenant of the Austrian army is so distrusted. In King Peter of Servia we have, some will say, a strange champion of Christianity—at any rate in the eyes of those who allege that he scurried to the Servian throne before the murdered Alexander and Draga were cold in the graves to which the hands of brutal murderers had consigned them.

Montenegro's ruler is but two years old as a king, burdened though he be as to the years that he carries so gallantly once more to battle against his hereditary foe. From his tiny mountain kingdom he keeps a keen watch upon the doings of the rest of the world, and has been known to utter sentiments concerning the government of England which showed an intimate knowledge of our internal affairs. Some day we shall have to stage his best poetic drama, "The Balkan Tsaritsa"; and, if we cannot otherwise settle our educational differences, we might take a leaf out of his country's primers—for he is the author of the curriculum in use in the Montenegrin schools. One of the most pathetic and charming messages received at the bedside of the dying Gladstone came, by the way, from this warrior poet.

His eldest son, Prince Danilo, must assuredly have posed unconsciously for Anthony Hope. He is a dashing, good-hearted fellow—though they say that he once fought a not bloodless duel with a very near relative over words uttered concerning the Crown Princess. Money is generally pretty scarce for all but military

purposes on the slopes of the Black Mountain, and it was but the other year that a somewhat awkward situation arose owing to the fact that the Prince designed a State visit at a moment when the national exchequer had been particularly well cleaned.

Apart from sentimental and international concern, we are interested in a peculiar manner in the King of Greece. We help to pay his salary! Great Britain guarantees £4000 a year towards his Civil List; and as we refused the throne on behalf of our own Dukes of Edinburgh and Connaught, it cannot be said that we have not acted disinterestedly towards the land over which he rules. Ready money is never over-abundant at the Court of Athens, though the Queen is liberally dowered, and they find other ways of spending that which is available than upon heavy naval armaments. And when the late King Edward, as Prince of Wales, visited Athens, some years ago, and had a slight collision with King George's yacht, the genial owner reminded him at dinner the same night that he had been near to sinking the entire Navy of Greece!

In the revolutionary whirl through which Greece passed three years ago, the Crown Prince resigned his commission in the Army, and was subjected to a good deal of annoyance and humiliation; but all that is forgotten when the war-drums throb. The Prince is an ardent soldier, but keeps much more in the background than his younger brother, Prince George, about whose steps considerable Cretan heather has at different times been burning. When he was paying court to the German Emperor's sister, the Crown Prince, very plainly dressed, was on one occasion, so the story goes, denied admittance to the royal palace at Potsdam by a sentry, who, when he eventually saw the Prince receiving a royal welcome at the Palace, exclaimed, "Well, if a beggar next comes up to me and calls himself the Pope, I'll kneel at his feet and ask his blessing!"

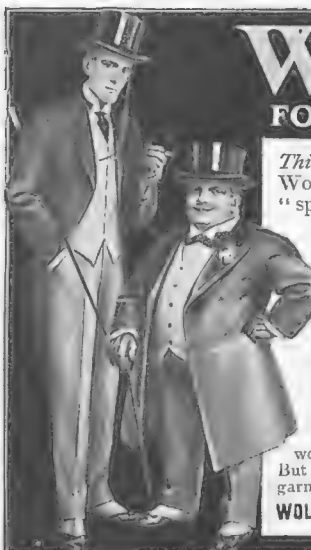
The heirs to the respective thrones of Bulgaria and Servia have occupied considerable prominence at one time and another. Prince Boris of Bulgaria set all Europe talking without his knowing a word about it. Two great Churches were quarrelling for the right to call him son, and one day he was taken by his father into church a Roman Catholic and brought out a member of the Greek Orthodox faith. It seems but yesterday that this happened, yet the youngster is now nearing manhood, and is a soldier, and a suitor for the hand of Princess Elizabeth of Roumania. Prince Alexander of Servia is the second son of the King. The wild, untamable, elder son George was Crown Prince for six years, but his freaks made his renunciation inevitable, and Alexander, his junior, is now Heir Apparent. Should George excel him during the present conflict, Alexander's place of favour will not be worth six months' purchase.

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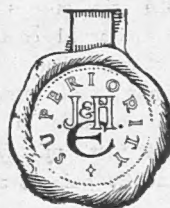
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## THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

THERE are many more reasons for leaving "Zaza" alone than for reviving it. Miss Ethel Warwick thinks otherwise, so we are offered an English actress's presentation of an American version of some French dramatist's picture of an entirely theatrical, very vulgar hetaira in love. "La Dame aux Camélias" is a farious play and abominable as well, because of its author's brilliance in painting the fallen woman. The authors of "Zaza" worked on different lines, and their heroine is only a bad copy of a Nana amorous. Miss Ethel Warwick deliberately challenges comparison with Réjane and Mrs. Leslie Carter, who have played the part over here, and does not come out successfully from the self-imposed test. She possesses cleverness, some power, and unlimited self-confidence; but she exhibits little real sense of character, and in the big scene is far from reaching the full theatrical effect. The one performance of real ability was that of Miss Kate Kearney as the heroine's drunken aunt, a character borrowed from the Olympe of Dumas fils: her name, by the way, has been a great stumbling block to English players, who have rung all possible changes between "Oh-lump" and "Oh-lamp."

Mr. F. R. Benson and his company are now playing Shakespeare at the Coronet Theatre, with many changes of programme, and those who desire to compare revolutionary methods of production with those sanctioned by custom have a favourable opportunity for so doing by paying visits to "The Winter's Tale" and to the theatre at Notting Hill Gate. Of Mr. Benson's repertory "Antony and Cleopatra" is the one least known to London. Mr. Benson has a new leading lady, Miss Dorothy Green, who gives a promising

performance in the part of the fascinating Egyptian, which, so far as my memory goes, has never been satisfactorily presented in London—although there was a much-admired performance of Miss Janet Achurch at Manchester. Bernhardt gave us a very vivid presentation years ago at the Palace Theatre in a French version. Miss Dorothy Green, if not the ideal Cleopatra, acted with sincerity and a good deal of spirit; she has a handsome presence and a resonant voice, and her performance was much admired by the audience. Mr. Benson himself played Antony, which, of course, is not quite the best of his Shakespearean gallery, and presented some aspects of the part, notably the military scenes, in most effective style.

Miss Octavia Kenmore has proved by years of touring with Ibsen's plays that she has unbounded enthusiasm, and she brings to her task an obvious sincerity and an original and individual way of playing which is always interesting. She and Mr. Leigh Lovel are giving three matinées of "A Doll's House" at the Court this week.

The Messrs. Melville have probably done wisely to go back to such an old favourite as "Monte Cristo" for the new play at the New Prince's Theatre. It is an unpretentious affair full of excitement and sentiment and heroics, and they have a company which, for this kind of work, could hardly be improved upon. Mr. Lauderdale Maitland is an ideal hero, dignified, earnest, and emphatic, and Miss Frances Dillon knows exactly the kind of simple appeal to the unsophisticated emotions which is required. Equally does Mr. J. T. Macmillan know what will make his audience laugh, and there is excellent work of the broad and vigorous kind by Mr. G. Mayor Cooke, Mr. Felix Pitt and Mr. Austen Milroy. The mounting and the dresses are elaborate, and the fighting is good: "Monte Cristo" will have a great success.

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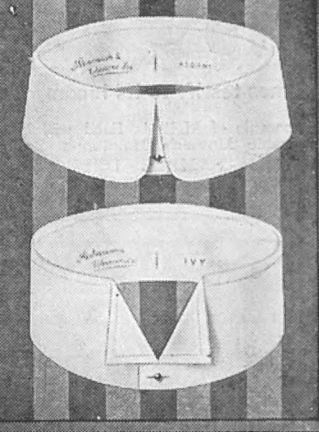
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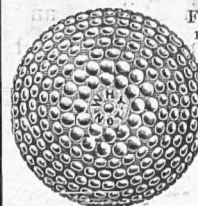
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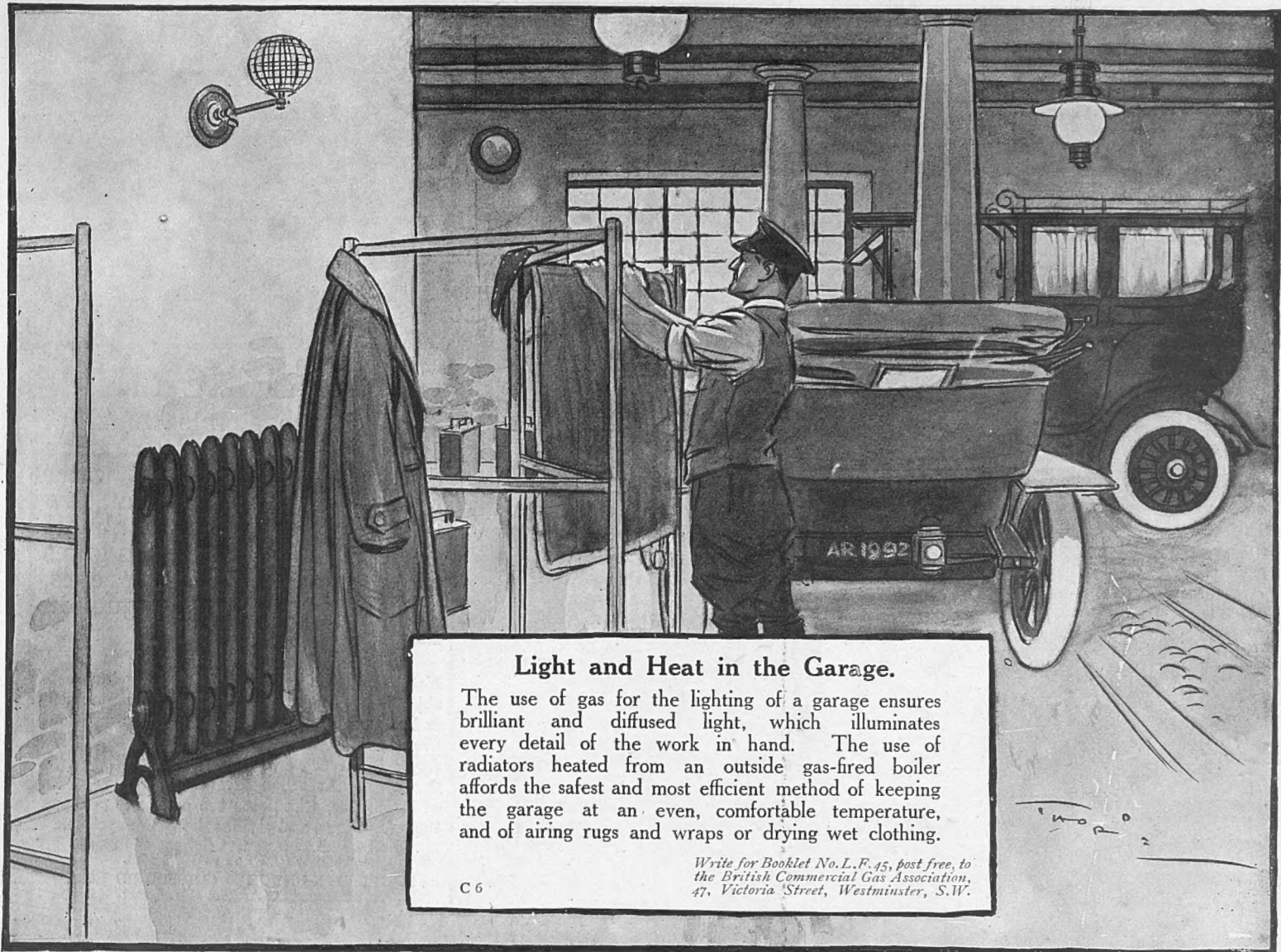
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